ITALY'S CRISIS DAN ROSEN

THE NATION

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Labor Mission to Hanoi

David Livingston,
Harold Gibbons, Clifton Caldwell

Sissy Farenthold of Texas
SHE JUST MIGHT BE GOVERNOR
Ann Waldron & Robert Sherrill

Integration in Providence
NIXON CHILLS A SCHOOL BOARD
Harold W. Pfautz

Jerry H. Bryant: Addison Gayle/'The Black Aesthetic'

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LETTERS

predictions or exercises?

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation*'s usually high standards in its review articles seem to have slipped badly in the case of S. Fred Singer's attack on Jay W. Forrester's *World Dynamics* [Mar. 13]. Honest misinterpretation of the aims and results of this very preliminary study are excusable, but not deliberate misrepresentation.

Forrester would agree with Singer that one cannot use intuition to arrive at answers to complicated problems; the results presented in *World Dynamics* are not intuited but deduced from the assumptions embodied in the model. The intuitions which enter into the assumptions are of course arguable and [one may hope], verifiable. Further, the model is not intended as a predictive tool as Singer seems to think but rather [as a means of elaborating] the implications of the assumed interactions.

The model assumes that as quality of life increases, the population growth rate will be about 1.4 per cent, somewhat lower than the world average over the last two affluent decades and somewhat higher than the average rate for the more distant, less affluent past. In any case, the model proved to be relatively insensitive to halving the basic birthrate parameter.

The technological advances Singer mentions are rather unfortunate ones on which to hang a counterargument. There are great dangers in the simplification of biological systems involved in the green revolution. New sources of energy may result in the intensification of thermal pollution or in entirely new dangers like the disposal of massive amounts of low-grade radioactive wastes. A snide reference to "enforced starvation" cannot obscure the fact that nobody starves voluntarily and there is something to be said for reducing, if possible, the absolute numbers of people who could be subjected to that "solution." It indeed "makes no sense to slow population growth on a planet-wide basis" as a single policy; not all effects are simply proportional to population or population increase. But population control *is* one of the set of policies leading to a stable result from the model. Nothing eye-popping there.

Various material-standard-of-living and quality-of-life curves indicate increases since 1900 of about four and two times respectively, so that some allowance has been made for improved well-being due to technological progress—contrary to Singer's assertion. Singer's argument about the independence of the U.S. economy is simply fatuous. The United States uses the natural resources of the world out of all proportion to its population and is totally or largely dependent on imports to supply some minerals like chromium, nickel and tin. The world economy, while less homogeneous, is finite, possesses averages and is not too dependent on the economies of other worlds; Singer needn't balk at modeling the world.

Singer, like so many before him, seems to have missed entirely the main message of the book. Even this too-simple model, embodying plausible assumptions about the interactions among some important variables, is extremely "stable" in the sense that even moderately large alterations in some parameters do not modify the results significantly. . . .

R. Joel Rahn

Charlottesville, Va.

DEAR SIRS: "Deliberate misinterpretation"? Harsh words there—particularly since Mr. Rahn's letter agrees with my review on so many points. He admits that Forrester's assumptions are intuitive; actually they go counter to verifiable facts. He prefers "elaboration" to "prediction"; let's use a little less sophistry when we describe curves that project population, pollution, resources, etc., to the year 2100.

He then goes on to muddy the discussion by confusing growth rate with birthrate. (Growth rate of population is

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EDITORIALS

Cool-Hand Dick

"Wishing will make it so" is one of those catch phrases used, occasionally to good effect, by those who practice self-therapy or feel the need to keep their courage up. But exercises in the art of self-encouragement can be disastrous when applied to war.

Faced with a critical new situation in Vietnam, the President somehow feels that if he keeps cool, and if his field commanders radiate confidence, the public will not notice anything amiss. Of course, merely "playing it cool" would not suffice, so special measures have been taken to restrict the flow of news, particularly of air sorties. But with news curtailed, the President flies off to his Key Biscayne retreat as a means of dramatizing his lack of concern and, also, of remaining unavailable to the press. At the same time, the debonair Kissinger strolls into the San Souci restaurant in Washington with an eye-catching blonde on his arm. What with the name of the bistro and the shape of the blonde, he is letting the world know how little he or his boss is upset by the bloodletting.

Now something might be said for the appearance of equanimity in a time of crisis, by way of reassuring the public. But in this instance, the President's orders to the military completely belie the public appearance of unconcern. What some of the press has called the Big Beef-up is under way, and the public can view it any night on prime-time television—scenes of sailors rushing to get to ports of embarkation as more ships and carriers take off for the war zone. Up to thirty warships, with hundreds of planes and thousands of men, are en route to Vietnam. Mr. Nixon may try to maintain a "low profile," but the scenes on the tube mock his pretense. It is all very well to announce that Kissinger's decision to call off a scheduled trip to Japan has nothing whatever to do with Administration alarm over the progress of Vietnamization, but the mere fact that this reassurance is offered underscores the alarm.

Also, the confidence radiated by American field commanders would be more impressive if it were not so evident, from the known facts, that they have once again misjudged the situation. They expected the North Vietnamese to strike when Nixon was en route to Peking. Such an attack, they said, would "embarass" the President. That it would also have embarrassed the Chinese was a point that somehow did not register. When the attack did come, it was on an unexpected front and caught both the South Vietnamese and their American advisers looking in the wrong direction. At the time, Ambassador Bunker was visiting his wife in Nepal, and General Abrams was visiting his wife in Bangkok. Nobody begrudges these gentlemen their family life, but the intelligence they receive does not seem of a high order. While Abrams was away, a blowhard Major General, James F. Hollingsworth, assured an American television audience that the North Vietnamese were on the run. Making like General Patton but without Patton's style, Hollingsworth would have us believe that "we'll kill 'em all before they can get back to Cambodia!" Maybe. This bluster is as counterproductive, in the circumstances, as the attempt of Nixon and Kissinger to look relaxed.

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We cannot assess this enemy correctly because we have never acknowledged his capacity, his intelligence, his mastery of the terrain, or his determination. Richard Holbrooke, the new managing editor of *Foreign Affairs,* worked on Vietnamese affairs in Vietnam, Washington and Paris from 1963 to 1969, including an eighteen-month tour as an AID provincial representative in the Mekong Delta. Some reflections of his, published recently in *The Washington Post,* are worth repeating: "What matters most about this offensive is that is shows again the awesome determination and ruthlessness of the North Vietnamese. They simply will not stop fighting, after all these years, until they get what they want. That is, they will not stop fighting unless we can make them stop fighting. That was patently beyond our military ability when we had over 500,000 men in Vietnam. It is even less likely when we have less than 100,000." If we blasted Hanoi and Haiphong off the map, the North Vietnamese would fight on as guerrillas and there would be no peace in Vietnam. It is time, after all these years, that we began to take them seriously.

CAMPAIGN '72

The Church-State Issue

In his recent address to the National Catholic Education Association in Philadelphia, President Nixon injected the divisive issue of federal aid to nonpublic schools into Campaign '72. He promised nothing, of course, except his assurance that he would somehow find a way to come to the aid of parochial schools and that the delegates could count on him (loud applause). Any delegates who rely on such assurances are almost certainly doomed to disappointment in the long run, but he will probably offer them something between now and November 7. As usual, the President went out of his way to say that he was *not* doing what in fact he was doing: "I shall not make promises which cannot be kept nor raise hopes which will be later disappointed." The President's "count on me" line is hokum, and for several reasons he must know it.

On the same day that Mr. Nixon spoke, a three-judge federal court in Philadelphia held unconstitutional a law which would have compensated parents for tuition paid to nonpublic schools. Last June, the Supreme Court struck down statutes in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania which would have partially subsidized the salaries of teachers in parochial schools. On January 11, a three-judge federal panel voided a 1971 New York law that allocated $33 million a year to church-related schools for "secular educational services for pupils in nonpublic schools," and on April 11 another special three-judge panel barred New York State from making $28 million-a-year payments to parochial schools for testing and record-keeping purposes, until it could rule on the constitutionality of the measure. As the decisions indicate, short of a constitutional amendment or the reversal of a long line of Supreme Court precedents, there is almost no way that federal funds can be allocated to nonpublic schools, except for fringe services and aids, such as textbooks, transportation, loans, health, food and library services.

The President recently received a report of a commis-

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sion on school finances which expressed reservations and misgivings about the feasibility of such federal aid, but he is vividly aware of the Catholic hierarchy's insistence that it stands in dire need of assistance for parochial schools, and he would like, of course, to make them think that he is on their side. It is possible that he may make a new proposal of some sort when he receives, if he has not already received, the report of a special panel on nonpublic school aid, which is composed of four members of the larger commission and chaired by Dr. Clarence Walton, president of Catholic University. Inquiries made by *The Nation* indicate that the staff of the larger commission was distinctly opposed to direct aid for nonpublic schools and that the special panel was set up to provide, if possible, a peg on which a new proposal might be based.

To get at the realities underlying the President's latest venture into divisive politics, several considerations must be emphasized. Rep. Wilbur Mills has expressed interest in the idea of extending tax credits or other possible aid to parents who send children to nonpublic schools—an issue that is of growing interest to a significant segment of white Southern parents. In the North, it is largely of primary concern to Catholics. Eighty-five per cent of the 800,000 students in New York who attend nonpublic schools are enrolled in Catholic schools. States with heavy concentrations of nonpublic school students include California, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, all key states politically. So, on the one hand, Nixon would like to throw a largely worthless bone to Catholic ethnic groups in the key states listed and, at the same time, strengthen his position vis-à-vis middle- and upper-middle-class white Southerners. By endorsing some new gimmicky proposal, the President doubtless feels that he can do himself some good and, more to the point, put the Democrats on quite a spot. It is not a new idea with him. He has been edging it along for quite some time, as in recent speeches to the Knights of Columbus and at the annual Al Smith dinner in New York.

One can sympathize with the Catholic Church's concern over parochial schools without accepting the arguments offered for federal aid. For example, the Fleischmann Commission Report in New York notes that enrollment in Catholic schools is declining for a variety of reasons, such as falling birthrates, "changing parental tastes," the migration of Catholic families to the suburbs where the old ethnic neighborhood patterns are not re-established and where public schools are better, in part because they are better supported, which means higher taxes. The report notes that enrollment in nonpublic schools would decline even if state aid were provided at a level that would eliminate tuition payments. Of seventy-six Catholic elementary schools which closed in New York between 1965 and 1969, twenty-five charged no tuition at all. The City Planning Commission in New York is holding, but has for some reason not yet released, a study which reaches much the same conclusion and is said to be based on impeccable research.

A special report prepared for the Fleischmann Commission indicates that the availability of religious-order teachers to the Catholic schools will virtually end by 1980, and that these teachers will be replaced by higher-paid lay teachers. In addition, unionization of the lay teachers will result in salary schedules rising to a point at which parity with public school teachers is approached. The result of these two trends will be to "skyrocket" the costs for Catholic schools. It is said that if nonpublic schools were to close in large numbers—a point made by the President—the burden on the public schools would be insupportable. Some of the studies do not support this conclusion. The President's own commission estimated the additional burden at $1.3 to $3.2 billion annually. The Fleischmann Commission restated the basic proposition—that no parent, in the exercise of his right to provide a religiously oriented education for his children, "should ask other citizens to pay for this education and thus help promulgate religious teachings through compulsory taxation."

Direct aid to nonpublic schools has become an active and divisive political issue. It is now deeply colored by racial bias in the South (and to some degree elsewhere) and by class bias generally. An income tax credit would be of advantage primarily to relatively well-to-do families; obviously a poor family that cannot afford to pay tuition would not benefit. And a look at the record indicates that it is largely the Republican governors who have shown the most active interest in aid proposals, Governor Rockefeller being a conspicuous example. Now and then, groups urging federal aid have agreed to include provisions against *de facto* segregation and to work out some means by which poor families might be assisted. But in most cases these concessions have been tactical, i.e., compromises offered in the hope of broadening the base of political support.

Today only a relatively small percentage of the population is actively engaged in the agitation for federal aid, but its influence is significant and growing because the constituency is well organized, draws for the most part on middle- and upper-middle-class support, and is concentrated in the key states. What would be the effect if the numbers supporting federal aid were to double, as by a coalition between white Southerners and Northern Catholic ethnic groups? Formation of such a coalition is one of the means by which Nixon hopes to fashion a new majority. If he proceeds beyond words to concrete proposals, the effect will be to weaken the constitutional provision assuring a separation of church and state, in much the same way that his stand on bussing undercuts the guarantees embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment (see article p. 522 this issue). On April 7 the Commission on Church and State Relations of the American Civil Liberties Union, taking cognizance of what the President has been saying, urged its national board to launch a national campaign to safeguard the constitutional principle of separation of church and state. The board approved the resolution, but has not yet decided what measures will be taken to implement it. The ACLU action constitutes a timely warning.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Mansfield Touch

Whenever there is a threat to the ongoing bipartisan consensus that underlies the so-called two-party system, the bipartisan Senate leadership always moves swiftly to close the breach. When the Senate opened on April 6, Sen. J. Glenn Beall (R., Md.) got the floor, by special arrangement, to put the Democrats on notice that the Republicans

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would stand for no more "gross hypocrisy" on the issue of which party has the worse record on enforcement of antitrust laws against conglomerate mergers. The Democratic leadership shuddered, as well it might, since the record of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations on this issue is bleak indeed. So, predictably, Senator Mansfield, who masquerades as the Democratic leader, rose to offer the necessary assurances. The Kleindienst hearings should be terminated as soon as possible. There was, he felt sure, no connection between the ITT issue and confirmation. The two matters should be kept separate and distinct, now and henceforth, forever and ever. And he closed on the pious note that he hoped "the word politics" would not be involved "in a matter which is of the highest importance," namely, whether or not Kleindienst should be confirmed. These words had the expected effect. Senator Beall thanked the Democratic leader for speaking with "reason and moderation."

The exchange demonstrates, once again, how the underlying bipartisan consensus always acts in unison on issues that present a serious threat to the "club." It would be equally embarrassing to the leadership of both parties if the issue of conglomerate mergers were pressed too far, if only because the Establishment would not like it. Too much is at stake. So, as in the past, Senator Mansfield's inclination to "rise above partisanship," whenever the bipartisan consensus is endangered, took precedence over his responsibility as a party leader. He is, it should be emphasized, a party leader. There is nothing wrong with partisanship; that is why we have, or are supposed to have, two parties. ITT is not one of those issues around which all good men must rally, regardless of party; no issue of national security or world peace is involved. In the form it has assumed, it is strictly a partisan political issue and therefore one on which the Democrats have a right to expect that their Senate leader will put party interests above his devotion to those cosy weekly breakfasts he has with the President, and where they are said to discuss matters of high statecraft.

The Kleindienst confirmation hearings should not be phased out until the public is told just who has been lying, for obviously a basket of lies has been told by both Republican officeholders and ITT personnel. The issue of whether a deal was made—aid for the San Diego convention for a settlement of the antitrust litigation—cannot be separated from the issue of Kleindienst's qualifications. He is the acting Attorney General. As such he is responsible for the ITT settlement. Mitchell, it will be recalled, disqualified himself even before he resigned, on the ground that his old law firm, which he has since rejoined, once represented ITT or an affiliate. And Kleindienst is personally involved. He assured the committee when he first testified that he had nothing to do with the settlement, when in fact, as we now know, he was the key figure on the Administration side. The hearings must go forward, even if under threat of Republican retaliation for Democratic complicity in the growth of mergers. To this end, the Democrats in the Senate should try, by prayer or petition, to firm up the resolve of their leader who, not so long ago, said that he did not think President Nixon could be defeated for re-election. Perhaps Senator Mansfield feels that Nixon *should* be re-elected. If he does, then he should resign his post as Democratic leader.

Pandora's Box

The Hatch Act is being tested again. The ostensible purpose of this virtuous piece of legislation is to protect government employees against the time-honored custom of extorting campaign contributions for the party in power. In both parties, however, there are devious men who honor the act in theory but evade it in practice. These hypocrites are numerous, and the higher one goes in any administration, the more prevalent they seem to be. Although the Nixon Administration is swimming in campaign funds, the Hon. Robert A. Kunzig, head of the General Services Administration, was appointed to a federal judgeship shortly before disclosure of possibly illicit fund raising in his department. Early in April six GSA executives were suspended for engaging in this activity.

However, the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee, headed by Sen. Gale McGee (D., Wyo.) purposes to go further into the matter, thereby tampering with what Philip Shandler refers to in the Washington *Star* as "a Pandora's box." Mr. McGee's committee has scheduled hearings to start April 26 and may call on Judge Kunzig to testify. This is not to imply any impropriety on the judge's part: he may have been in complete ignorance of what was going on. However, according to Mr. Shandler, the six officials suspended by the Civil Service Commission have acknowledged involvement in fund raising last November for a Republican "Salute to the President" series of dinners. It is conceivable that Judge Kunzig, searching his memory, might recall something pertinent to the case.

The matter might just die away, as has happened in the past, but the National Federation of Federal Employees has roiled the waters. Robert Teates, who heads the local in the Federal Supply Service of GSA, is said to have found out about a meeting at which a soliciting plan was handed down from somewhere on high. This was no doubt more efficient than *ad hoc* solicitation, but it was also much less discreet. Now everybody is aggrieved, including the six suspended officials, who plead that "the service has responded over the years to many testimonials such as the 'Salute' dinner." Nobody who knows Washington will dispute that assertion, but what the union wants to know is where the plans for fund raising originated, through what hands they were passed down, whether other divisions of GSA are involved, and whether GSA differs in respect to campaign solicitation from other agencies.

An open hearing by the Civil Service Commission might have elicited answers to these questions, but the commission says that the six charged officials waived a hearing. Should the matter be allowed to fade away at this point? Rep. Abner Mikva (D., Ill.) thinks not. He proposes requiring that the Attorney General prosecute cases in which the CSC determines that illegal activity has occurred.

Taking an even broader view, the question now being asked by Mikva, McGee and others is whether the Hatch Act is accomplishing the purpose for which it was created. If, whether because of strong unions, or by Congressional action, a civil servant felt under no pressure, shouldn't he have the right of any citizen to work for a candidate, to contribute money if he feels so inclined (he can do that in any case through friends or relatives), and even to stand for office himself? And should not the Congress establish

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conditions under which any federal employee, being illicitly importuned, will feel free to tell the solicitor to go to hell, without hazarding his advancement? Is all this existing hypocrisy and extortion necessary?

At Long Last

It would be difficult to compile an accurate count of the attempts that have been made, in a variety of ways and over a period of years, to arrive at a test case on the constitutionality of the Vietnamese War. The Supreme Court itself has shown no great eagerness to get involved in the matter.

But now, as the war gathers momentum once more and the Senate girds for debate on what should be done about the war-making power, the stage has finally been set for a definitive test. Judge Joseph S. Lord III, of the U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, has declined to dismiss an action brought by the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which seeks to enjoin expenditures for the present war on the ground that, although authorized by the Congress, such expenditures are nonetheless repugnant to the Constitution, since war has never been declared. Such a declaration, as provided in the Constitution, can be made only by the Congress.

In writing his decision, Judge Lord took a crucial step. He turned the case over to a three-judge panel which will be named by the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. An *automatic* appeal lies from the decision of such a panel. Therefore, whatever its decision, the case will reach the Supreme Court, which has the power to reverse or confirm whatever decision has been reached by the court below.

Moreover, Judge Lord made his decision on broad grounds. Commenting on the brief phrase in the Constitution, conferring on the Congress the power "to declare war," Judge Lord remarked that the words themselves "don't contain any intention to protect the citizenry, but the history of our Constitution reveals that this assignment of power to Congress was not a mere happenstance without purpose. It was the intention of the framers of the Constitution to make it more difficult for the nation to engage itself in war, with all the sufferings which this entails for its citizens, by lodging the power in a body of men, rather than allow one man to make such a vital decision. The British monarch was not considered a proper guide for defining the executive powers of the President in this country when it came to the matter of war. . . . Thus, the plaintiffs in this case have standing as citizens to challenge the constitutionality of expenditures for the war."

Once again the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has rendered outstanding service in its vital area of activity. Among the attorneys who brought the suit against the Secretary of Defense are Victor Rabinowitz, Leonard Boudin and William L. Standard. It would have been far better if successive Presidents, conscientiously aware of the problem, had (*1*) not tried to circumvent the Congress; (*2*) had not lied to it; and (*3*) had not in effect defied it. Finally, the case shows how a single federal judge, aware of the momentous issues involved and looking forward to a possible repetition of the circumstances, has the power to evoke deliberation and decision from the highest Court in the land.

Five Bad Years

April 21 is the fifth anniversary of the take-over by the junta in Greece. In the afternoon, there will be a rally at the Manhattan Center in New York, where Daniel Ellsberg will speak, Eugene McCarthy will read some poems (it was McCarthy who presided over a memorable evening some years ago in New York, when Seferis read his poetry) and Melinda Mercouri will characterize the colonels in terms more colorful than flattering.

All this will avail little against the Athens regime, sustained as it is today by the Washington regime, but nonetheless attendance at Manhattan Center that day is important. Elsewhere in this issue a group of union men express their astonishment at the cordiality with which they were received, not only by the leaders but by the people of North Vietnam. In Hanoi the distinction between America's official policy and its popular feeling is perfectly understood. That same distinction prevails in the matter of Greece, but there have not been the marches, the campus demonstrations, the fervent manifestoes to document it. Democratically minded Greeks look reproachfully at the United States; visitors returning from Athens say that they don't understand. It will be worth going to Manhattan Center on April 21 to let them know that neither do we understand.

Modern Times

In his younger days, Charlie Chaplin was a very hard man to exploit. He made his own pictures, kept his own books, lived as he saw fit and spoke his mind. He had come off the streets of London and behind the universal image of The Tramp was the specific and very tough reality of the cockney.

None of this sat very well with the masters of American society; they bided their time, and when it came, they hit him. Chaplin was vacationing with his wife in Europe in 1952 when word reached him that he would not be readmitted to the United States unless he could prove his "moral worth." Chaplin was not going to attempt anything as inherently humiliating as that (it must have offended his sense of humor as well as his sense of dignity) and for twenty years he never came back. Materially, it mattered little to him; he was a wealthy man, living in luxury in a villa above Lake Geneva, surrounded by his family and, those who visited him reported, a happy family man. But oddly enough, Chaplin felt more loyalty toward the United States (though he never became a citizen) than the country, at least officially, felt toward him. America had made him world-famous—probably the most famous man in the world—it had exulted in his art and he was grateful. The years of exile galled him.

So when opportunity came to return, he did so. His homecoming to his foster home has been a triumph—but a very melancholy one, because all the auspices were wrong. Chaplin's moral worth is not being vindicated by this visit; there is merely a conspiracy to pretend that

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none of that unsavory nonsense ever occurred. Nor has he come back because the people loved him and have missed him. They may well have done so, but that was not the purpose and they have been given no chance to express their feeling. He has been brought back because there is money to be made out of him. He will get a lot of it himself—$5 million and more—but he has no need of it. Others, however, see a chance to get rich off him, which nobody ever managed to do in his heyday. A "Chaplin boom" is to be launched and his aged flesh and blood are being used to get it started. The papers have been full of him and soon his baggy-panted figure will be seen on sweat shirts from coast to coast. His great films will reappear in the theatres month by month, and then will come the television reruns. Millions will be made, and Chaplin has been shipped out to Hollywood to receive an honorary "Oscar." That's a funny idea, but more in the line of W. C. Fields than of Chaplin; The Tramp never had a mean sense of fun. But Hollywood is dead; it was in large part Chaplin's creation and it died soon after he left. The award is a ghost's inane tribute to a memory.

If Chaplin were to be received anywhere, it should have been at the White House, but this is not the right Administration for Charlie; they go in more for old John Wayne pictures. So it has been a sad return—years too late and for shabby motives. We hope it has not hurt the old man in body or heart, and wish him a safe journey back to Switzerland.

CHILE: THE ANDERSON INTERVENTION

Santiago

About a month ago, say on March 15, there was reason to believe that the Socialist government of Salvador Allende Gossens in Chile was in imminent danger of an attempted military *coup d'état*. A few days later, on March 20, it was evident that the plot, if such existed, had been aborted by Jack Anderson, whose access to state and corporate secrets is a marvel of contemporary journalism. The sequence of events is as follows:

A year ago the United Nations decided to hold its third Trade Conference for Underdeveloped Nations (UNCTAD III) in Santiago, the opening date to be April 13, 1972. Coming from the world body, this was a considerable gesture toward the incumbent Marxist government of Chile. Therefore, President Allende accepted the proposal, though it would be an obvious strain on his country and coalition government, already burdened with broad programs of nationalizing largely foreign-held private enterprises and with meeting the critical needs of an ill-fed, ill-housed population. By the time the necessary legislation had been enacted, the country had less than nine months to appropriate the land and to plan and build a complex consisting of a 22-story tower and a large conference building in the heart of Santiago (after the meeting of UNCTAD III it will become a cultural center for the city and the nation).

The stakes were high, both for the Marxists and for their enemies. If Santiago could serve successfully as host to UNCTAD III, Allende and his supporters would offer dramatic evidence that Marxism works for Chile. If, on the contrary, the project could be ruined, no doubt Allende would fall and Chile would revert to its old masters. In mid-March, the construction was far from completed and the issue hung in the balance. In that period also, the government believed it had discovered the plan and date for a coup. On March 23, there was to be a "Proletarian Women's Hunger March." Something similar had been held earlier and had caused much disturbance. This one was to be protected by armed men, who were to be violently attacked by alleged leftists. The army would be called out to restore order, and that would be the end of Allende.

The President and his supporters took what steps they could to avert this threat. They called a mass demonstration in support of Allende for March 22. Then on the evening of March 20 Jack Anderson's exposé of the ITT-CIA plot of September 1970 to prevent Allende from taking office hit Chile. It was reported at length over the country's three television stations, owned, respectively, by the government, the University of Chile and the Catholic University of Chile. The opposition has its press, but next morning it carried not a word about Anderson or his story, though every tongue in Chile was wagging with it. The rightists may have found the scandal beneath their dignity to notice, or they may still have hoped to get on with their coup.

In any case, the Allende rally was held on the evening of March 22, a windy, drizzly evening in Chile's autumn. Workers, men and women, youth and bourgeoisie of all the Marxist parties turned out with handsome banners and hastily lettered signs, marching from four assembly points to converge in the middle of town. *El Nación*, the government daily, next morning estimated the crowd at 125,000; the right-wing papers referred on inside pages to a demonstration that had tied up traffic and been dampened by rain. Their front pages were given over to denunciations of the government for having refused a marching permit to the "proletarian" women and the Libertad y Patria Party (whose emblem, a spider, is an adaptation of the swastika). The government had said that the country was so incensed by the Anderson revelations that a protest march would be unsafe. Later, some of its leaders were arrested, and some firearms and bombs confiscated.

On April 3, the day after Easter, Allende dedicated the completed UNCTAD III buildings; on April 13 the conference convened. It should have opened with a toast to Jack Anderson and, in all justice, that should have been followed by a toast to ITT—whose teletypes worked valiantly to bring his story from Washington to Chile. Protocol forbade. But peace prevails in Chile; there is also plenty of food, despite the symbolically empty pots the women had hoped to carry through the streets. And for those blessings everyone can raise a toast.

JOSEPHINE ALEXANDER

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LABOR MISSION TO HANOI

DAVID LIVINGSTON, HAROLD GIBBONS and CLIFTON CALDWELL

Mr. Livingston is president of District 65, Distributive Workers of America; Mr. Gibbons is vice president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and Mr. Caldwell is vice president of the Amalgamated Meatcutters and Butcher Workmen of America.

Late in March, the first labor mission to North Vietnam returned to the United States. Of course, ours was not the first delegation to visit Vietnam, but our hosts seemed to feel that there was something special about a labor mission to Hanoi. In the eight days that we spent there they took every possible means to emphasize the unique character of our delegation. We found some things that were quite unexpected. For example, we were quite free to move about as we chose, without guide or guard. A block or so from the hotel was a bookstore; we wandered in and talked to some of the sales clerks and made some purchases. Our talk was a combination of gestures, the very little French that we had and a little French that they had.

In the first days of the visit our hosts went to considerable pains to take us only to places where we were expected. After a while, perhaps when we and they had come to know one another better, we found that we were able to visit some places without prearrangement. Some of these visits were by far the best. That is not only our opinion but the opinion of the Vietnamese unionists, even though they had approached the question of unexpected visits with some trepidation. One afternoon we went to a school maintained by the Federation of Trade Unions—what they call a cadre school—where they train the equivalent of our stewards or shop chairmen. Only one large building remains intact. Two were destroyed in the 1965-68 bombing and the terrible scars are still very visible. In the standing building we were shown at first only unoccupied classrooms. We strongly urged that we be permitted to meet some students. Finally we were taken into a small dormitory where we met a teacher and a dozen students, both young men and women. We were invited to sit down on their bunk beds and engage the students in discussion. It was most rewarding. The students answered our questions and asked some. They seemed to understand what was going on both in Vietnam and in the world, and even in America. At the request of one of our delegation, the students wrote in Vietnamese a message to our children Julie, age 14, and Danny, age 16. Here it is:

> We are students of a Trade Union School of the Vietnam Federation of Trade Unions. We express our thanks to you and the friends of the U.S. labor circles who have been supporting the struggle to liberate Vietnam against aggression. Please convey our heartfelt greetings to the whole family and other young friends on behalf of the students of the course.

The message was the subject of much discussion among the students and was heartily approved by the whole group.

The warm and responsive greeting that we received from the students was typical of the way we were met throughout our stay. It was a source of constant amazement to us in the light of the terrible suffering which these people had endured at the hands of our country. The basic position of the Vietnamese Government was that the mistreatment of Vietnam was the act of "leading circles" and did not reflect the will of the American people. We may have expected that attitude from officials and were not surprised by it. But we were astonished to hear it expressed again and again by ordinary citizens.

One evening we went to the circus. We sat in the front row, with the Russians to the right of us and what appeared to be Chinese to the left. We were later told the Chinese were from Singapore. It seemed unbelievable to us that we were in the midst of a crowd of several thousand, all of whom had been subjected to the terrible bombing of the Johnson period. At intermission time we went out from the tent and a crowd of 100 to 150 gathered around, eager to get our interpreter to pass on their questions and otherwise showing their friendliness. Our stay took us to Haiphong and Halongbai and other parts of North Vietnam. As we toured we saw extensive bomb damage which had not been repaired. The friendly reception we received from the people deepened our sense of anguish and strengthened our determination to further the movement to end this horrible war.

In accepting the invitation to Hanoi, we had set ourselves a number of objectives. We wanted to see for ourselves what the war had meant. We wanted to establish friendly relations with the Vietnamese Labor Federation. We hoped to see some American prisoners and perhaps negotiate the release of some who might be sick—too sick ever to return to the battle against Vietnam.

We did see two captive Americans, but we were not successful in bringing any back with us. Our hosts explained that, because of the Sontay raids, security considerations made it impossible for us to visit detention centers. They said that they had released three groups of three prisoners each in the past and that particularly the last group had been used by the U.S. War Department to drum up sentiment in support of the war. For that reason they indicated that at this time they were unwilling to release any further prisoners, even as a gesture. They said that when and if they ever got to the point of considering the release of any individuals, they would perhaps communicate with us. Our time with Air Force Captain Hawley and Navy Commander Wilber was brief and poignant. Captain Hawley had been shot down only a month or so ago and still showed signs of burns he had received on his neck. He indicated that he was getting good medical attention. Commander Wilber had been shot down in 1968. His appearance was almost jaunty. Neither man appeared to be drugged or brainwashed.

In reply to questions from Harold Gibbons (he was our single spokesman in talking with the prisoners) both Captain Hawley and Commander Wilber seemed alert and responsive. When he discovered that we were labor people, Wilber asked questions about the wage freeze and unemployment and other aspects of the problems in the United States. His questions could not have been prearranged.

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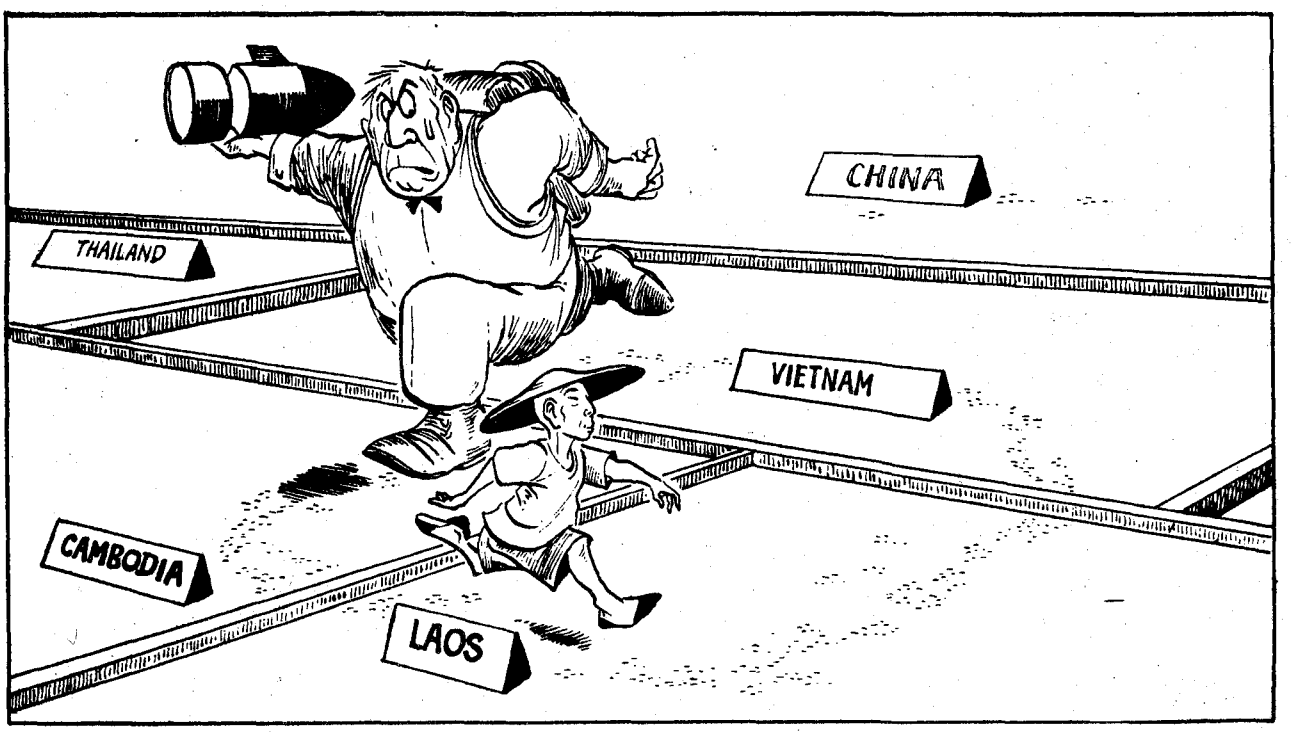
Both Captain Hawley and Commander Wilber expressed the hope that the war would end and both were critical of the American involvement. We have since seen the family of Commander Wilber and related to his wife and children our sense of how he looked and felt and what he said. Mrs. Wilber made it clear that she feels that only an end to the war can bring about the release of our prisoners.

The third objective of our visit was to see if there was some small thing that we as labor people could convey to the U.S. labor movement and the people of the United States which might bring the day of peace a little bit closer. We talked at great length to many people, leaders of the Federation, the President of the Journalists' Association and quite a number of others. On the very last day a meeting was arranged between our delegation and Mr. Le Duc Tho. Mr. Le Duc Tho is chief adviser to the Vietnamese peace negotiators and a member of the politburo of the Workers' Party, leading party of North Vietnam. It was he who met in Paris with Dr. Henry Kissinger in the secret talks last winter. We were with Le Duc Tho for more than two hours. He had obviously been well briefed on our mission and on our discussions with the union leaders and others. He proceeded without questions from us to set forth the shape of a peaceful settlement. He indicated that the Vietnamese were prepared to accept a three-segment coalition. One segment would consist of the PRG, the Provisional Revolutionary Government, which he said included only a few Communists. The other two would be the present Saigon administration, but without President Thieu, and a group of unaffiliated elements, that is, persons who are not associated with either the Saigon administration or the PRG. He said that the North Vietnamese are accused of wanting to replace Thieu and impose a Communist government, but to this he replied in so many words that the government they contemplated would be clearly non-Communist, that it would be independent and neutralist; he said that just as he understood that Americans didn't want a Communist government in the United States, so he understood that the South Vietnamese at this point did not want a Communist take-over, but wanted instead a genuinely independent, neutralist government. He was at considerable pains to indicate that the settlement contemplated was one of honor and that they did not seek to humiliate the United States. Le Duc Tho emphasized that after the war they desire the establishment of good relations with the United States in all fields. In response to a question from Mr. Gibbons, "Do you have any message for Dr. Kissinger or Mr. Nixon?" Le Duc Tho said: "Please tell them everything that I have said." We left him feeling that what he had said was important. In carefully chosen words, he seemed to be telling us how this war could be settled by compromise.

Upon our return to the United States, we transmitted fully this conversation to Dr. Henry Kissinger. We also reported to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in executive session on Thursday, April 6. Following our testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a story was released to the effect that our message included a willingness on Mr. Le Duc Tho's part to resume private meetings with Dr. Kissinger. This report, which received wide coverage, was attributed to Congressional sources.

While the Vietnamese reiterated their desire for peaceful settlement, they made it perfectly obvious that they would go on fighting for as long as necessary to achieve what they consider a fair settlement. We were reminded that the Vietnamese had been at war for their freedom since 1946. We were escorted to museums and exhibit halls which highlighted the several thousand years' history of the Vietnamese and their endless resistance to invasion. We are absolutely convinced that they would go on fighting indefinitely—twenty or twenty-five years if they must.



Vadillo, Ovaciones (Mexico)

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While we were in Vietnam, we had strong indications that some events were about to occur in Vietnam which would be very significant, and they have indeed occurred. It was our impression that these events do not indicate a determination by the Vietnamese to achieve total military victory. Perhaps they too are seeking to negotiate from strength. We cannot believe that the massive resumption of bombing of the North will have results different from those following the bombings of 1965 to 1968. If anything, we believe, it will be counterproductive, serving to unify the North Vietnamese and to align the world against us.

We went on our mission to Hanoi convinced opponents of this immoral and senseless war. We have returned deepened in our conviction and infused with a new sense of urgency. The escalation of the war, the bombing of the North, strengthen our determination to help shape a major organization for peace.

In the next few weeks, we three will get together with other labor leaders to sponsor a meeting in St. Louis of as many union officials as we can assemble. Our aim is to form a specifically labor organization against the war. We are convinced that the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of the workers, certainly the organized workers, is against the war, but no vehicle exists for the expression of that sentiment. The heavy hand of George Meany and the Executive Council of the AFL stifles the expression of opposition to the war. Time and again the Executive Council votes support for Meany's activity. Only one or two vote the other way, while a few seem able to do no more than abstain when Vietnam comes up.

Working people suffer more from the war than does any other section of the population. Bearing our share of casualties and losses in our families, we have an additional burden in the form of higher prices and restrictions on our wages. The peace movement is somehow unable to reflect fully all our concerns. We need a specific organization to give expression to labor's special needs. It is our intention to form an organization in St. Louis precisely for that purpose—to do all that labor can to end America's longest, most immoral war. □

INTEGRATION IN PROVIDENCE

NIXON CHILLS THE SCHOOL BOARD

HAROLD W. PFAUTZ
Mr. Pfautz, professor of sociology at Brown University, is the editor of The American Sociologist *and the author of* Charles Booth: On the City *(University of Chicago Press). He was the original director of the Tougaloo-Brown Cooperative Program.*

In June of 1966, Harold Howe, then U.S. Commissioner of Education, reviewed the lack of progress made in achieving the national goal of "integrated, quality education," assessed the minimal likelihood that other social institutions would take the lead in promoting it, and challenged school administrators and school board members throughout the country "to form a third front for racial equality in the United States." In his view, this function was not only proper but necessary, though he was aware of the dangers involved:

> American schoolmen . . . have quite properly taken a large share of the credit for establishing national unity and freedom of opportunity. Our predecessors in the classroom helped 20 million European immigrants become Americans, and we haven't stopped bragging about it yet. If we are to retain this pride in our tradition, I think we must recognize that the great achievements of the past are not only a legacy but also a heavy burden. If we want to wear the laurels, we must also carry the load.
>
> The load we must carry is that of irritating a fair percentage of our white constituents—of embarrassing some governors and mayors, of alarming some newspaper publishers, and of enraging suburban taxpayers who in proportion to their means are not paying for their good schools, as paupers in the cities are paying for their bad ones.
>
> And all of this means that, finally and most grievously, we must run the risk of being invited to resign. Unless all of us are willing to put our jobs and our integrity on the line, we should admit that American educators are no longer prepared to be the prime movers in American education.

Returning home from the conference at which Dr. Howe spoke, the Superintendent of Schools in Providence, R. I., managed to convince his local board of the cogency and rightness of the Commissioner's challenge. Within the month, the members of the Providence School Committee unanimously agreed to face up to the *"de facto"* segregation of blacks in the city's public schools. They began by making the following public statement:

> There is no such thing as "quality education" in our time and place unless it is integrated education. This proposition is not only sound educational philosophy but it is also the informing spirit of the law of our land.
>
> The . . . School Committee is, therefore, dedicated to immediate, imaginative, and forthright action to bring as many children as possible into integrated schools as rapidly as possible.
>
> The urgent necessity of such a course of action is required if we are to fulfill the American Dream for all our citizens, and guarantee survival of our way of life as a nation and as communities of people.

Further, the Superintendent and his committee were candid about the difficulties involved in making any real impact on the segregated pattern of school attendance:

> It will cost us the inconvenience and mental energy of having to think in entirely new terms: for example, we will have to revise our traditional concepts of school districts. . . .
>
> It will cost many of us as parents—both Negroes and

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whites—the inconvenience of bussing, of having our expectations as to where our children will go to school changed.

It will cost us as citizens more money to provide utterly equal educational services, and programs in every school—libraries, lunches, special educational programs —as well as the additional cost of transportation. . . .

Today, six years (and three superintendents) later, the public schools in Providence have been largely desegregated. Starting with the elementary grades, the desegregation process has proceeded during the present year to include the city's four high schools. Whereas in 1966 the majority of all black pupils attended schools that were predominantly black, today, except for two so-called Follow-Through schools, there are no predominantly black schools, and most students attend schools whose black enrollments range from 10 to 29 per cent. The great majority of all class and home rooms—96 per cent in the elementary schools (excepting kindergartens), 100 per cent in the middle and junior high schools, and 88 per cent in the senior high schools—have from one to ten black students.

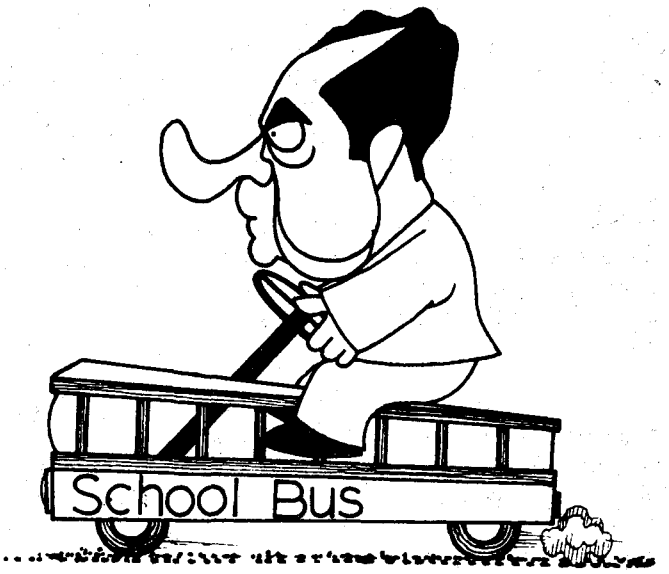
It is bussing of course, that has made this significant achievement possible: in a school population of approximately 27,000 pupils, some 3,500 children are currently being bussed; of these slightly more are white than black, but, proportionately, more are black than white.

Needless to say, the desegregation of the Providence public schools has shaken a moribund system to its foundations: an elected, district-oriented, "nonpartisan" school committee has been succeeded by a mayor-appointed, city-oriented board; the administrative structure above the level of school principal has been completely reorganized; and numerous teaching and curricular innovations have been introduced.

All this has not been accomplished without resistance from many community residents, black as well as white. Between the announcement of the school committee's commitment to desegregation in June 1966 and the implementation of the policy in the elementary grades in September 1967, there were continuous public criticisms, as well as a black boycott of the initial plan because it had failed to take into account black community interests. There were racial incidents in some of the junior and senior high schools before they were desegregated. Since September, when desegregation came to the high schools, there have been additional confrontations between black and white students, aided and abetted by stiffer resistance from parents attuned to the increasing opposition to "forced bussing" on the national level.

To be sure, the school system has by no means been completely equalized in regard to physical plants, curricula and special educational inputs, although a model school has been developed in the heart of one of the city's two ghettos. The Providence Plan is certainly not perfect, either in conception or execution. Nevertheless, and without a court order, the public schools of Providence have been desegregated!

What happens in Providence and other communities is inevitably affected by social forces and trends in the larger society, not the least of which in matters of public controversy are definitions of the situation by the



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national leadership. Here, I submit, the views of the President play a crucial role. Indeed, two years ago Mr. Nixon, in an artful catechism, revealed to the American public his views on school desegregation.

By calling attention to numerous and conflicting lower court decisions, citing amendments to civil rights acts that had no legal status, worrying over the definition of "unitary system," and listing practical problems in regard to transportation, zoning, and the concept of racial balance on which the courts had yet to rule, Mr. Nixon managed to obfuscate rather than to clarify, and to raise more questions than he answered. The approach to desegregation which he suggested was not only illogical and educationally unsound; it also shockingly reverted to the bankrupt tradition of "separate but equal."

The lexicon of resistance rang clear throughout the President's 1970 statement: bussing was invariably characterized by such pejorative adjectives as "massive," "wholesale" and "compulsory"; the concept of racial balance was "arbitrary." Recent juridical decisions in favor of immediate and extensive school desegregation (after fifteen years of gradualism) were "extreme" and "severe." Government action to promote desegregation was "coercive"; citizen compliance was "compelled." Integration not only turned out to be "not an unmixed blessing," but, in line with an implicit commitment to apartheid, attempts at desegregation were noted to be "disruptive" and causally linked to "heightened racial tensions" and "exacerbated racial frictions." Desegregation was associated not only with "massive disrupting [of] existing school patterns" and "uprooting students," but with the "doom of the neighborhood school."

Mr. Nixon also took pains to drive home a lesson of limited possibilities and limiting conditions to those who would act to bring about school integration. We were told that "lawyers and judges have honest disagreements about what the law requires"; that "even if there were a sufficient desire on the part of the community to achieve [integration], with housing patterns as they are . . . full and prompt school integration [is] impractical." Time and again, he made the point that *de facto* segregation, while "undesirable," did not violate the Constitution; that, cor-

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relatively, local authorities had no obligation to move against it. Federal officials were admonished, even in the case of *de jure* segregation, not to go beyond the requirement of law "in attempting to impose their own judgment on the local school district" which, in turn, was explicitly *not* required to transport pupils "beyond the normal geographical school zones, for the purpose of achieving racial balance."

In a triumph of sound over content, the President advised: "We should not provoke any court to push a constitutional principle beyond its ultimate limit, in order to compel compliance with the Court's essential and more modest, mandate." He included some Solomonic advice to beleaguered communities where racial imbalance was partly *de jure* and partly *de facto*: "It is appropriate to insist on a remedy for the *de jure* portion, which is unlawful, without insisting on a remedy for the lawful *de facto* portion." Again, the message was that we have only a very modest constitutional mandate; above all we should observe the letter of the law in our desegregation efforts; and we are bound to observe that basic unambiguous concept, "the normal geographical school zone."

Mr. Nixon's passion for *Realpolitik* and his commitment to the *status quo* were further revealed when he touched on social action to desegregate. Although the giant strides against segregated education have been made more often regardless of, or in spite of, the preferences of local authorities (and primarily because of federal government pressures), we were instructed that "in a free society there are limits to the amount of government coercion that can reasonably be used"; and that we should "manage the task [of desegregation] with a decent regard for the legitimate interests of all concerned," with "a sense of compassionate balance" relative to "matters of cost, capacity, and convenience for pupils and parents" and "with the least possible disruption."

Given these pragmatic caveats, it is no wonder that the President saw desegregation attempts more as threats to public tranquillity than as efforts to improve public education. On the other hand, his position that "whatever affects the schools stirs deep feelings among the parents" is hardly supported by the nationwide civic indifference that has led to the current plight of urban public education. What has stirred deep feelings and accounts for the renaissance of public interest has been the negative reaction of many white parents to the idea of school desegregation. Yet, almost as if the burden of proof were on those who would desegregate the schools, as if 1954 never happened, Mr. Nixon observed that "it should ordinarily be possible to achieve legal compliance with a minimum of educational disruption." Since the vast majority of children who have changed schools have been black, clearly it was primarily white parents and their children whom we should not disrupt.

Beyond an asserted confidence in the compassion and "good faith" of local authorities (whose vulnerability to provincial pressures is writ large on the record), the President rested his desegregation policy primarily on two basic distinctions, neither of which turns out to be very defensible on the grounds he selected to justify them. First and foremost was the distinction between *de jure* and *de facto* segregation, which was argued in legal terms; second was that between "education" and "social transformation," which was argued in educational terms.

The former involves a nice distinction that is nowhere as easy to make either in theory or in practice as the President would have us believe. Much of the pattern of housing segregation (which even Mr. Nixon admitted was at the basis of most *de facto* school segregation) is causally linked with the explicitly segregative policies and practices of public agencies having legitimate access to the use of the public power: federal mortgage agencies, redevelopment and renewal agencies, and city housing authorities. *De facto,* deed! Moreover, from the President's highly selective account of the 1954 decision outlawing *de jure* segregation in the public schools, his audience would have had no appreciation of the fact that the ruling was based not only on the violation of the Fourteenth Amendment but also on the advice of social science experts. The Supreme Court not only concluded that "in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place," but that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." It went further to draw explicit attention to the detrimental psychological effects of school segregation on children, and pointed out that the sanction of law simply increased its negative impact. In any case, the distinction between *de facto* and *de jure* segregation is lost on most black Americans and is of little help in dealing with the major portion of the problem to which the President ostensibly addressed himself.

Even less defensible was Mr. Nixon's narrow view of the educational process which informed his second basic distinction. Although at one point he admitted that what is learned in school includes learning "to share, to compete, and to cooperate," he nevertheless insisted on posing the choice between the purchase of "educational facilities" and the purchase of "busses, tires and gasoline." However, what children learn in school is not only the mastery of cognitive matter—that 2 + 2 = 4 or that Paris is the capital city of France. It is equally important that schooling should help children to learn what the norms of the democratic way of life are, to accept them, and to act according to them. The school is above all a character-building institution and provides the kind of learning experiences that help a child to cope successfully with the world outside the family. To regard the school as having only an instrumental function—the learning of technical skills—is to miss its equally central expressive function—the development of character and citizenship.

Viewed from that perspective, the President's position that we have demanded too much of our schools fell wide of the mark. We have, in fact, demanded much too little. The disastrous results of learning and growing up in segregated contexts are clear for all to see: the creation and easy escalation, in the absence of empirical checks, of mutual negative stereotypes—"honkey" and "nigger"—as well as the production of immoral psychic gains for whites and correlative psychic losses for blacks. Moreover, President Nixon's picture of desegregation efforts as involving "what all too often has proved a tragically futile effort to achieve in the schools the kind of society which the adult community has failed to achieve for itself" indicated a lack of sensitivity to and knowledge about what is at stake. Children never have any difficulty with "race relations" until they learn prejudicial attitudes and dis-

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criminatory behavior from their parents and teachers in their segregated neighborhoods and schools.

Thoughout the original statement, there was a disturbing taint of dissimulation: a thinly disguised version of the "freedom of choice" philosophy was invidiously compared to the homogenizing implications of integration; a spurious rendering of the concept of cultural pluralism, that offered race as an uncritical basis of group identity and pride on the same level as ethnicity, also served to question the value of desegregation. By the conclusion of the piece, we had the felicitous neologism, "racially impacted," as a substitute for "segregated" and the exquisite matching of the "many sincere Americans who believe deeply in instant solution" with the "many equally sincere citizens—North and South, black and white—who believe that racial separation is right. . . ."

The final fault in the President's policy statement stemmed from his implicit racism and his linking of the findings of social science research on equal educational opportunity with his specific proposals for action. He urged us, for example, to distinguish educational difficulty "as a result of race" and educational difficulty "as a result of social or economic levels, of family background, of cultural patterns, or simply of bad schools." In point of fact, few argue that the distinction is between "race" and "home environment" but between good home environments and poor home environments, especially as the latter are the result of discrimination. Further, the so-called Coleman report suggested precisely that family background factors were more important in determining educational achievement than educational facility factors. Yet the President's major social action proposal was to pour funds into "racially impacted" (i.e., segregated) schools.

While there are obvious political considerations in the timing of Mr. Nixon's more recent anti-bussing message to Congress, it is also clear that it faithfully reiterates the style and content of his earlier statement: he continues to stress the legal ambiguities connected with court-ordered school desegregation and the limited mandate of the 1954 decision. The idols of the segregationist marketplace—community disruption, hardships imposed on children, arbitrary bussing, the neighborhood school—are again prominently displayed. The President remains unappreciative of the expressive functions of schooling, just as he continues uncritically to equate the "extremism" of those who oppose bussing with that of those who would employ it. Above all, he reaffirms the philosophy of "separate but equal" that was implicit in his original recipe for social action.

What is new, of course, is the President's disingenuous proposal of a moratorium on bussing. Significantly, this operational device is advocated without reference to any empirical data referring either to its extent or efficacy in the service of integrated quality education, an omission suggestive of the gut politics that are involved. Such an interpretation is further buttressed by his ceremonial projection of a "special capability" to act constructively in the matter of school desegregation to a Congress that has already demonstrated its pro-segregationist commitment by its crude anti-bussing amendments to the Higher Education Act. Correlatively, Mr. Nixon manages to display a frightening and mischievous insensitivity to the principle of the separation of powers that is basic to the functioning of our form of government. As in his 1970 statement, he manages to raise more questions than he answers.

It is exceedingly doubtful that the public schools of Providence would have been desegregated if President Nixon's conception of quality education and his interpretation of the Supreme Court's mandate had prevailed in 1966. The thrust of his 1970 policy statement on school desegregation has been essentially to give aid and comfort to those who would resist the mandates of Constitution and conscience to which he alluded. It has acted primarily to subvert the efforts of the courageous men and women who, for sixteen years, have labored in their local communities—North and South—in the face of indifference at best and of violent resistance at worst, to realize both the spirit and the letter of the 1954 Supreme Court decision. Governor Kirk and Lamar and Pontiac, together with a vulgar anti-bussing sentiment growing throughout the country, are stark monuments to the validity of this thesis.

In the past few weeks Providence has suffered increasing racial confrontations among black and white students at two of the recently integrated high schools. Significantly, these incidents were preceded as well as followed by increasingly noisy parental opposition to school desegregation. At one school, parents have conducted a boycott; a group of 200 parents has formally organized to halt desegregation in the Providence schools. Spurred by the heady encouragement of the nation's Chief Executive to observe the law of the land, and "not to allow emotionalism to crowd out reason," members of the city council have introduced a number of resolutions: one asked abandonment of the Providence school desegregation program; another proposed penalties against members of the city Human Relations Council "who fail to act according to city charter"; another proposed an end to the appointed school committee which has supported school desegregation and was therefore labeled "unresponsive." The politically ambitious and sensitive young Mayor has publicly predicted the end of the city's school desegregation because of the growing local sentiment against bussing and the threat to federal bussing funds implicit in the President's message. Even the newly appointed State Commissioner of Education managed to rise to the occasion by gratuitously observing that he had "no objection" to the Providence desegregation plan or to the use of state funds, if available and if requested by the city school committee. Providence, it would seem, has got the message!

Of course, what white as well as black Americans need and deserve in the matter of school desegregation is neither hair-splitting legal briefs that serve only to confuse and to paralyze community initiative nor *Realpolitik*, other-directed rhetoric that cloaks prejudice in the accents of respectability. The backwash of such an approach is to make responsible and progressive community leaders vulnerable to private prejudice and provincial investments in the *status quo*. Failure to provide anything less than a ringing affirmation of school desegregation simply invites further tokenism and frustrating gradualism, and, when morale is sufficiently deteriorated, mindless public violence. In the final analysis, nothing less than the national vision and moral leadership that inhere in the Presidential office can serve us well, black and white. □

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ITALY'S CRISIS ELECTION

THE NEO-FASCIST CHALLENGE

DAN ROSEN
Mr. Rosen, a free-lance journalist, has written for The National Observer, *the* Boston Globe, Finance Magazine *and other publications. He is now working on his first book, a biography of Carlo Rosselli, the Italian anti-Fascist resistance leader.*

Rome

Banners are strung across the intersections of Italy's major cities, handbills litter the streets, sound trucks increase the din of working hours, and at night the piazzas are jammed with rallies. The country is in the full flood of an election campaign, and in the leather-chaired comfort of a big-business conference room, an executive leans forward to tell me that "this isn't just another Italian government crisis. This election will decide what sort of society we want for tomorrow."

Most experienced observers agree that the May 7th national elections, called by President Giovanni Leone after the collapse of Italy's thirty-third postwar government, will be a watershed in the nation's turbulent history. "In the past," says an Italian economist, "our problems were mainly political. While the country was booming we could accept the constant instability of our governments. Now the nation is stagnant, reform programs are being ignored, and social unrest is at the crisis point. We can no longer ignore the failure of our politicians to act."

In the short run, the decision to dissolve parliament a year before its regular five-year term would have expired will only intensify Italy's many problems. Nearly 4,000 bills, many of them in final stages of passage, were shelved when the caretaker premier, Giullio Andreotti, countersigned the decree calling for new elections. One of the bills provides for a $4 billion low-cost housing program, urgently needed by the nation's overcrowded cities. Other reforms in the areas of health care, education and mass transit are now similarly delayed.

At the same time, the Italian business community is holding back on new investment, waiting to see which way the new political winds may blow. Italian factories are operating at 75 per cent capacity, industrial production dipped by 3.5 per cent last year, and unemployment (depending on which figures you accept) may be as high as 4 million. Businessmen, economists and financial journalists are pessimistic about the outlook for 1972, and few predict growth rates of more than 3.5 per cent for the year.

The two problems—economic stagnation and the absence of long-overdue structural reforms—are interrelated. Italy's three major unions, egged on by an increasingly impatient rank and file, have fought hard for better housing, health care, education and living conditions. Their weapon has been the strike, employed in the hope that pressure on the business community will be felt by the lawmakers in Rome. "At least 80 per cent of the strikes against our plants last year," says a labor relations expert at Milan's great Montecetini Edison Company, "were called to highlight the need for social reform."

The strikes have taken a deadly toll. More than 104 million man-hours were lost last year and, in addition, absenteeism is running at 9.5 per cent. The unions, moreover, have developed ingenious ways to halt production without halting the hourly wage flow. One method is the "hiccup strike:" workers in a given plant will strike in shifts, obligating the company to pay their idle co-workers throughout the strike period.

Hurt though they are by plummeting profit curves and forfeited dividends, some Italian businessmen admit that the workers have a point. "We're paying the price for ignoring the human factor," the spokesman for a large chemical company admitted to me. "You can't blame the average Italian for wanting to reach the level that his counterpart has attained in the rest of Europe. We're learning the lesson that we can no longer ride to prosperity on the backs of our workingmen."

It was an exciting ride while it lasted. Italy's gross national product rose by 68 per cent from 1952 to 1962. Despite a recession in 1964, it continued to rise by nearly 6 per cent a year until 1970. The driving wedge of the boom was Italy's $850 million appliance industry; it dominated the European market for more than a decade. In 1970, for example, 68 per cent of the Common Market's refrigerators came from Italy, and much the same sort of market hegemony existed for the nation's gas ranges, washing machines, clothes dryers and electric irons.

But while the factories of the industrial North spewed out the wealth and the smart set on the Via Veneto thought up new ways to spend it, the lot of the average Italian grew progressively worse. Milan, Turin and Genoa became overwhelmed by migrating workers from the South. In Milan, the nation's largest and most important city, there are only 15,000 hospital beds for a population of 3.5 million; only 40 per cent of the city's classroom desks are deemed "adequate" by education officials; only one subway line has been completed for a commuting population of 300,000.

The same problems exist throughout the country. In Rome, 300 children share a single toilet in their dilapidated school. In the industrial suburbs, classes are often conducted in empty office buildings; "teaching," such as it is, is conducted by rote, much as it was in Mussolini's time. The catalog is endless, and it touches virtually every Italian with brutal evidence of social decay.

Industrialists in Turin like to date the start of their problems from the first large-scale migrations from the South. Sicilians, Calabrians, Abruzzians and Neopolitans began shuffling northward by the hundreds of thousands in the early 1950s, looking for the good life in a region they called "the beginning of America." Their language and culture were different; they were abused and discriminated against by Northerners who felt—and to a great extent still feel—superior to them; they were unused to

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the harsh climate and the higher living costs. Most important, they came with high expectations and a sharpened sense of militancy. "The unions started getting tougher," a Pirelli executive in Turin told me, "when they saw that the Southern hard-liners were getting what they wanted."

The present lot of the Southern migrant is almost a happy one, compared to that of the friends and families who stayed behind. Development of the "Mezzogiorno," the backward part of Italy that includes Sicily, Sardinia and anything south of Rome, has been the favorite slogan of Italian politicians since the end of the war, but the rhetoric has hidden a dubious record of achievement. "The Mezzogiorno is at least twenty years behind the rest of the country," notes an economist for IRI, the large state holding company, "and it's probably falling farther behind every day."

One reason for the discrepancy is that the government's development incentive programs are based on the amount of capital invested, thus favoring such capital-intensive industries as oil, chemicals, cement and heavy engineering. The new factories make impressive additions to the landscape, and the tax rebates and low-interest loans make welcome additions to company profits, but they produce little in the way of meaningful employment. Another reason is that the North's natural advantage of being close to customers in the rest of Europe was increased by Italy's entry into the Common Market. The government had begun a program to encourage labor-intensive industries—electronics, light metalworking, etc.—but this program, like the many other programs for social reform, is at a virtual standstill until the May 7th elections.

It is easy to see that the stakes in this election are incredibly high; it's far more difficult to predict the outcome. In general terms, as a Milanese union official puts it, "the election will determine who really has the power in this country." That observation is particularly germane because the Italian parliament has, to a very great degree, been ruling for the past four years without a definite mandate. Few observers believe that the Christian Democrat Party, which has dominated coalition governments since the war, still commands the support it received when it took nearly 40 per cent of the 1968 vote. On the other hand, many believe that the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (MSI) is far stronger than it was four years ago, when it won only twenty-five seats in the 630-seat Chamber of Deputies and only 4.4 per cent of the popular vote.

For many, the question is not whether the MSI has increased in power but rather by how much. The party, led by an articulate crowd pleaser named Giorgio Almirante, has entered into an election alliance with Italy's tiny Monarchist group. Almirante, a minor official during the Mussolini era, is running on a ticket that includes Admiral Birindelli, the former head of NATO naval forces in Southern Europe.

Almirante's "natural constituency" is in the South, where many nostalgic peasants hang portraits of *Il Duce* above their beds, and in Rome, where civil servants still recall "the good old days." A recent MSI rally in Rome's Piazza del Popolo drew more than 50,000 people. It was a broad-based gathering—elegant onlookers from the nearby Café Rosati, gabardine-clad government workers, a smattering of bearded students. All enthusiastically waved Italian tricolors as Almirante, perched atop a 30-foot rostrum and bathed in the light of a dozen spotlights, demanded an end to "the constitutional arc" which has governed Italy for the past ten years.

There are signs that MSI support is growing also in the industrial North. Almirante's sound trucks, leaflets and banners are much in evidence in Milan, the very city where the bodies of Mussolini and his mistress were displayed to a vengeful crowd. Gambling stalls in the seedy amusement park behind the Sforza Castle now include busts of the former *Duce* among their prizes. There is talk—unconfirmed for the moment—that a secret society of rich industrialists is helping to finance party activities.

The neo-Fascist movement has more to build on than, as one writer puts it, "a dubious nostalgia for Mussolini's style of government." Only one great political leader has appeared in Italy since the war—de Gasperi—and he has been dead a long time. The tedious game of musical cabinet posts that has characterized Italy's thirty-three postwar governments has made everyone impatient. "We need our de Gaulle," a journalist told me, "someone who can command the universal respect of the people and who can end the anarchy of our government."

Law and order has become an important campaign issue. MSI spokesmen are quick to capitalize on incidents of left-wing violence and of "crime in the streets" to emphasize the need for "a strong hand." The recent discovery of the bomb-torn body of publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli under a Milanese electric power pylon added fuel to their claim that the nation is in imminent danger of a left-wing uprising.

Regardless of the truth of this assertion, tension is running high in every one of the big cities. The *Carabinieri* have taken off their charming blue capes and Napoleon hats and now patrol the streets in helmets, battle shields and armored cars. Thousands of them were in evidence when Feltrinelli, claimed by the far Left as the victim of a

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Fascist assassination plot, was buried in Milan last month.

No evidence has been found to counter the official theory that Feltrinelli, notorious for his advocacy of left-wing violence, actually blew himself up while attempting to plant a bomb under the power pylon. There is no doubt, however, that the MSI has benefited from the case, or that it has contributed to the growing support of the party in the Northern cities. "The magic number is sixty," I was told by a political journalist in Milan. "If the MSI can get more than sixty seats in the next Chamber of Deputies, then Italy is in for serious trouble."

The obvious job of the Center-Left and Center-Right is to prevent that from happening. Most observers accept the inevitability of some "shift to the right" in the May 7th election, but hope that it will not be serious enough to prevent the Christian Democrats from putting together a viable non-Fascist, non-Communist coalition. Reliable sources in Rome and Turin believe it is possible, but no one is confident enough to bet money on the outcome.

The business community pins its hopes on a coalition that would include the Christian Democrats, the Liberals, the Republicans and the Social Democrats. This mildly right-of-Center grouping could, the businessmen believe, command the support of parliament and get the country "moving again." Major gains by the MSI, coupled with the continuing electoral strength of the Communist Party on the Left, would leave little room for maneuvering.

The prospects in such a situation would be grim. A likely development, as outlined by a high-ranking diplomatic source, would include "the necessity to choose between taking the Communists or taking the MSI into the government. Either way, the one left out would probably take to the barricades. If the Christian Democrats were to turn to the Communists, a sizable part of their own right wing would probably join the MSI in the streets; the same thing would probably happen to their left wing if they turned in the other direction."

Italy's 100,000-man army has traditionally stood apart from politics, and its officers have a profound distaste for anything that recalls the fascism which led to their humiliation in World War II. At the moment, there's no indication that colonels will arise to re-create the Greek experience, but the situation could change. "Serious, wide-scale street fighting," said the diplomatic source, "could easily train them to think that they're got to take a hand." □

SISSY FARENTHOLD OF TEXAS

SHE JUST MIGHT BE GOVERNOR

ANN WALDRON and ROBERT SHERRILL
Mrs. Waldron is book editor of the Houston Chronicle. *Mr. Sherrill is* The Nation's *Washington correspondent.*

Frances (Sissy) Farenthold, 46, is the most exciting politician to appear on the Texas scene in a long while—exciting not because she is different but because, although she is different, she may succeed. Mrs. Farenthold is running for governor, which in itself is unusual; she is the first woman candidate to make a serious play for a statewide office in Texas since ex-Gov. Miriam (Ma) Ferguson tried for a comeback thirty-two years ago.

In addition to the handicap of her sex, Mrs. Farenthold is also carrying the burden of her honesty, candor and liberalism—any one of which is usually enough to doom a candidate for governor in her state. In any event, Texas has not had a "liberal" governor since Jimmy Allred left office in 1938, and he qualified for that designation only by comparison with the corporation-corrupted gents who have held the office for the past generation.

It is more than likely that Mrs. Farenthold will emerge from the May 6th primary with enough notes to carry her into the Democratic runoff on June 3; beyond that, her chances for winning the runoff and then the general election drop sharply. She is a long shot for the full course, but nobody laughs at the suggestion that she just might win.

A number of things are working in her favor, among which the following are perhaps the most important:

Her opponents. Mrs. Farenthold refers to them as "two contaminated candidates and a legislator from the fifties" —Gov. Preston Smith, Lt. Gov. Ben Barnes and Dolph Briscoe. Smith was involved and Barnes was "mentioned" in the gigantic stock scandal perpetrated by the Houston financier Frank Sharp, a scandal which included the failure of the Sharpstown bank, the most impressive bank closure since 1934, and has already destroyed the career of Texas House Speaker Gus Mutscher and several other top Democrats.

Two bills requested by Frank Sharp slid through the legislature in the last minutes of the 1969 session; the bills, later vetoed by Smith, would have removed Texas banks from the scrutiny of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Some of the politicians who helped grease passage of the bills benefited from stock favors.

The stink from that affair has hung over the state for a year. The disgusted public may remember, however, that it was Mrs. Farenthold, as leader of the reform coalition in the Texas House of Representatives (a group nicknamed "The Dirty Thirty" and composed of dissident blacks, Chicanos, liberals and a few oddball Republicans), who successfully introduced legislation that set up a bicameral committee to investigate the scandal.

Nothing was ever pinned solidly on Barnes, but at one point in the Securities and Exchange Commission's investigation a deposition taken from Sharp himself was widely interpreted to mean that Barnes had been handsomely paid for his help on the banking legislation. The *Dallas Morning News* and the *Houston Post* were among those who interpreted the testimony as tantamount to admitting

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a bribe. This line of investigation petered out and Barnes was cleared officially—but possibly not in the minds of much of the Texas public. There have also been stories in recent years that Barnes, who came to the Austin legislature reputedly wearing his only suit, and who has not earned more than $4,800 a year for most of his public service since then, is today a millionaire, with holdings in construction firms, radio and TV stations, a shopping center and vast land tracts.

Barnes, a protégé of the John Connally-Lyndon Johnson clique (LBJ once predicted that Barnes will eventually become President), has several other handicaps. Though it may be dirty pool, the fact is that some of his enemies have made handy use of his reputation as a Lothario, and many astute political observers feel that his underground reputation as "Bedroom Ben" almost lost him Travis County (Austin, where he lives and where the rumors are heaviest) two years ago. While he carried the rest of the state by 70 per cent in the general election, against a law professor whom nobody knew and who spent only about $30,000 for the exercise of running, Barnes took Travis County by only 400 votes.

In a year of grotesque food prices, Mrs. Farenthold is reminding voters that it was Barnes who tried to pass a sales tax on all groceries. She identifies it, in an easy-to-remember fashion, as the "Barnes Bread Tax."

Smith is probably washed up in politics, since he is not apt to live down the big money he reputedly made in the Sharpstown deal. It's no great loss. A former movie theatre owner from the dreary Western lands of *The Last Picture Show*, Smith is a true political clod, and few people thought he would ever get to be governor. It is widely believed that he is running for re-election only to siphon votes from Barnes; Smith is said to hate him.

As for Dolph Briscoe, he is a dull, rich nonentity, who has ridden Texas politics down that long, dusty trail for many years. He owns a bank in Uvalde and large land holdings in surrounding territories. As that great wit, John Henry Faulk, likes to say, "Briscoe got rich one foreclosure at a time."

Granting that the above descriptions are biased, they are still close enough to the general judgment of these candidates to indicate why Mrs. Farenthold seems able to survive the first primary (which she can probably do by winning, say, 25 to 30 per cent of the vote) and could take the Democratic nomination.

The Republicans. Mrs. Farenthold will not have to put up with the extent of Republican horsing around in Democratic primaries that has plagued liberal gubernatorial candidates in the past. There is no party registration in Texas, so Republicans have traditionally crossed over in the primary to mess things up. But this year the Republicans are going to have the biggest Texas primary that they have ever had. There are *five* GOP candidates for governor and in Dallas, San Antonio and Houston there will be primaries for every major office. The Republicans will be staging their first real intraparty fight. What this can mean for Mrs. Farenthold is measurable in Houston, which in 1970 had a decent GOP primary; 40,000 Republicans voted in their own primary that year and stayed out of the Democratic primary. As a result, while liberal Sen.

Ralph Yarborough lost statewide in the Democratic primary to conservative Lloyd Bentsen, he won in Houston by 27,000 votes.

The Youth Vote. Mrs. Farenthold is thought to be running first in Austin, where a significant part of her strength lies with the 30,000 University of Texas students who are registered to vote. Even in Lubbock, a very conservative section of the state, about 15,000 of the 18,000 students at Texas Tech are said to be registered, and from the activity of the Farenthold forces on that campus she has good reason for optimism. Her visits to North Texas State in Denton have jammed the ballrooms. In the past, liberals have just barely carried Denton, but this time it looks as though Mrs. Farenthold will win handily. Even at Midwestern University in Wichita Falls—where that right-wing warrior Sen. John Tower used to be a professor among many like-minded professors—the student newspaper has endorsed her.

The Labor Vote. The further down the ranks you go, the stronger is the commitment to Mrs. Farenthold. The Steelworkers, the Communications Workers, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers endorsed her—but, although the state COPE convention passed a resolution saying it liked her, it withheld formal endorsement. Nev-

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ertheless, even a we-like-you pat on the back was more than the other candidates could get; it was, in fact, a substantial victory, considering that Mrs. Farenthold announced her decision to run for governor less than a month before the COPE convention. Her biggest obstacle was that the AFL-CIO state president, Roy Evans, had in a weak moment in 1971—after Governor Smith had tossed organized labor a few crumbs by appointing several labor stiffs to state boards—promised Smith that the AFL-CIO wouldn't endorse anybody. That was as much as Smith wanted; he knew he couldn't get the endorsement, but he wanted to make sure Barnes wouldn't get it.

The worst thing about failing to get formal labor endorsement is that it killed Mrs. Farenthold's chances to get labor money. The COPE political budget was already committed elsewhere by the time she came around. And in Texas, labor is about the only place where a liberal can look for big money. When Mrs. Farenthold came east early this year, she and Charles Caldwell, one of the savviest of liberal political strategists, tried to tap some of the New York money sources. No luck. Consequently she is running on a skeleton budget. The first week of her campaign, she operated her headquarters with three people and two phones.

Nevertheless, there is something unusually infectious about Mrs. Farenthold's campaign. Caldwell, who has been through the defeats and occasional victories of Texas liberal politics for the past fifteen years, says he has never seen anything like it. "We didn't arrive at a single airport in our swing through the state that wasn't jammed. The publicity she got was incredible. What impressed me was how, unlike the early campaigns of Ralph [Yarborough], you don't have to hit the press on the head to have them show up for her press conferences. She never says 'no comment.' She comments on anything."

Mrs. Farenthold's entry into politics was hardly a revolutionary act. It was a natural step for one of her solid, upper-class Texas background. Her grandfather, Benjamin Dudley Tarlton, was a former Texas legislator, a judge of the Court of Civil Appeals in Fort Worth. He taught law at the University of Texas after losing a statewide race for the Supreme Court. Her father, Dudley Tarlton, was a well-known trial lawyer in Corpus Christi, where she was born.

She went to public schools in Corpus Christi for awhile, but graduated from the select Hockaday School in Dallas and at 16 went from there to Vassar. She graduated from Vassar at 19 and came home to Corpus Christi. She refused to make a debut and, with her father's blessing, went to law school at the University of Texas. After graduating in 1949 she joined his law firm.

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In 1950 she married George Farenthold, whose behind-the-lines exploits for the U.S. forces in World War II are easy to believe after you have met him. He was born in Brussels, went to school in Switzerland and in Paris. He also spent a lot of time in North Africa, where his family owned some land and a large house, Villa Jolly, now the official residence of the President of Algeria. "We were not exactly paupers," George says modestly.

The Farentholds had five children in four and a half years, and she devoted the 1950s to child care, with a little volunteer work for Junior League on the side. In 1965, she took the job as Legal Aid lawyer for Nueces County, being hired by the bar association to represent people who couldn't afford their own lawyer.

"It was the most eye-opening experience of my life," she has said. "It was soul-searing. I don't have to read about poverty—I've seen it. I don't think I'd ever have gone into politics except for that. I'd lived in Corpus Christi all my life, but I saw and became aware of things I just hadn't known until I got in that position. From the outside you think, 'We've got institutions to take care of these problems—there's a hospital and a welfare program to solve these people's problems.' It's not until you get on the inside that you realize it's just not enough. The programs aren't working.

"I never will forget a Chicano woman who walked from Robstown to my office [about 15 miles] for help. The plight of the unskilled woman with her children—black, Anglo, Chicano—that's the problem." Ninety per cent of her Legal Aid cases were welfare-related.

In 1968, Mrs. Farenthold decided at the last minute to file for the legislature. She ran an amateur's campaign, refusing to take advice from professionals and refusing to have billboards. ("How could I come down on industry for its billboards if I used them?") She did take one piece of advice from an old pol: "Lower your skirts and don't talk about your children."

At first she couldn't ask people to vote for her. She would simply stand around large gatherings. Finally, her husband drove her to a shopping center and put her out of the car, with 1,500 campaign cards and a dime. "When you've given all these out," he said, "call me and I'll come get you." It worked; she began to campaign. "But I still can't ask people to vote for me," she said during the gubernatorial campaign. "I ask them to *consider* voting for me."

She faced two opponents in that Democratic primary; beat one the first time around and the second in the runoff, and defeated the incumbent Republican in the general election. Her career in the Texas House of Representatives began quietly enough, introducing bills to create a Children's Commission (Texas was the only state that didn't have one); to penalize county clerks who issue a marriage license to a person who is not paid up on his child support —in short, the kind of bills you expect a woman legislator to introduce. Her fellow legislators thought she was so nice and sweet and pretty; the Poet Laureate of the Texas House of Representatives (yes, there is indeed a Poet Laureate in the Texas House) wrote a poem to celebrate Valentine's Day and dedicated it to her.

Shortly afterward her image changed. Someone introduced a resolution to invite former President Lyndon

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Johnson to address the House, and coupled with the invitation was a commendation of Johnson's administration. Now Austin is, for all practical purposes, Johnson's home town and of course he has been a power in Texas politics for decades. But this was 1969, and Mrs. Farenthold had by then decided that Johnson's war was nothing to commend. She voted against the resolution. The vote was 149 to 1.

Then came the "Sadler affair." Jerry Sadler was a snuff-dipping politician who for nearly a decade had run the Texas Land Office in a highly whimsical manner. Among other duties, he was supposed to protect the public from being cheated by the companies that were salvaging treasure from sunken Spanish galleons off the coast of Texas. Some legislators suspected that the salvaging contracts were written too loosely and that the treasure was being pirated.

Mrs. Farenthold was on the legislative committee that demanded that Sadler produce the contracts—as well as Texas' share of the treasure. He ducked, postponed, sidestepped. Finally a legislative delegation confronted him in his office; whereupon he became so infuriated that he grabbed state Rep. Jake Johnson by the throat and tried to strangle him—or at least that's the impression Johnson got.

Many Texans tried to laugh it off as typical political entertainment, but Mrs. Farenthold introduced a resolution to censure Sadler, and refused under intense pressure to withdraw the resolution. She appeared on television to press her case and wound up as something of a heroine in the whole affair. Of course, to some people she was a damned nuisance. However, Sadler was reprimanded, if not censured, by the legislature; a good antiquities law passed the legislature; Sadler was defeated in 1970, and Mrs. Farenthold was re-elected. After that she took the leadership of The Dirty Thirty—so named because they are all the pro-publico votes you can depend on in the Texas House, and sometimes they have to play rough.

Much of her political strength as well as her political weakness traces back to her sex. She can run a low-budget campaign because the newspapers and television stations are happy to give space to a freak—a woman politician.

In addition, she is getting heavy support from Texas women who are tired of the knocked-up-and-barefooted philosophy that has prevailed since frontier days. Even Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird Johnson's former press secretary, chipped in $25 to Mrs. Farenthold's campaign—despite the fact that the candidate has denounced the Connally-Johnson clique for its corporate rape of the Texas ecology.

On the other hand, her sex more often provokes incidents such as the one that occurred in a news executives' meeting at the *Houston Post*. Though the *Post* is owned by Oveta Culp Hobby, the first Secretary of HEW, her male employees don't transfer the moral to state politics. On this occasion the news executives were discussing an especially good speech Mrs. Farenthold had made. "Too bad she's a woman, isn't it?" said one editor. The others—all but one—agreed that she would make a fine governor—that she was, in fact, just what the state of Texas needed, except that she was a woman. The lone dissenter at the meeting was also a woman, and she dissented silently.

Not her opponents, but that sort of kindly but deadly tradition, is Mrs. Farenthold's biggest obstacle. □

AFTER PEKING, MOSCOW

NEW LEVERS OF CONTAINMENT

THOMAS G. PATERSON
Mr. Paterson is associate professor of history at the University of Connecticut and the editor of a recent book of original essays, Cold War Critics *(Quadrangle Books).*

Preoccupied with toasts, ballets and giant pandas, commentators on Nixon's unforgettable trip to Peking have forgotten to discuss its effect on containment—the most persistent and commanding doctrine of American foreign policy since World War II. Blocked out during the troubled early days of the cold war by President Truman, the doctrine held that "it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures."

It was assumed that Russia, which alone seemed to stand in the way of an American definition of the postwar peace, was deliberately and aggressively plotting revolution abroad and threatening Europe directly. Even Mao's success in China in 1949 was seen initially as Moscow's handiwork. Foreign aid, frightening military hardware, and alliances became the tools of containment. And most Americans have agreed that the Russians were contained.

But the bipolar world began to crumble. American leaders had for so long linked revolution, communism and Moscow that they were bewildered by the growing presence of the People's Republic of China and by the new revolutionary nationalist movements. Vietnam presented a frustrating set of possibilities. Was America really containing Russia there? Or was it containing China, which had openly tangled with Russia? Or communism? Or "wars of national liberation"? In the 1960s Americans were no longer sure who or what was to be contained. Throughout the Johnson years, Dean Rusk was more certain than most that "Red China" was coaching the war in Vietnam, and that American soldiers were holding the line against Chinese aggression.

It appears that Mr. Nixon did not cling to this Chinese bogyman thesis after taking office, but it is less clear that he has shelved the imposing doctrine of global containment. That doctrine has come to mean more than stopping Russia or China; it has developed into a tradition of counterrevolution. Americans may now think that the Chinese

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Abu, Indian Express (New Delhi)

people are less warlike and more human, but have they changed their hostile attitude toward revolution? Nixon sipped tea with Chou En-lai, but will he drink boiled water with the Bengalis?

It is a crucial question, because the Administration may be envisioning a world dominated by five units: Western Europe, Russia, Japan, China and the United States. The President has spoken in the vernacular of "balance of power," and one must suspect that this five-unit power arrangement is essentially another device to implement containment.

The China visit may have suggested a new way of containing revolution, at least in Asia. China, after all, has not been conspicuously sympathetic to revolution in its own backyard (witness Bangladesh and the minimal aid to North Vietnam for years). Henry Kissinger has further pointed out that the Vietnamese conflict will be settled with Hanoi, not with Peking or Moscow. The major powers, China or the United States, individually seem unable to halt or control the Vietnamese struggle. Both the Chinese and Americans may think that a big-power arrangement could contain disruptive revolutions. Is China America's new containment tool?

Then, too, it seems possible that we are "using" China in an attempt to contain the Soviet Union. We know that the Kremlin was worried about Nixon's trek and feared an anti-Soviet agreement. We know also that, because of Sino-Soviet hostility, Russia has felt compelled to station considerable military personnel and weaponry along its eastern border. China, then, is drawing off Soviet military power from Europe and is essentially "containing" Russia, if one accepts, as does the Administration, the questionable notion that Russia needs to be contained.

Finally, Russia would supposedly balance China off under the new big-power arrangement, meaning indeed that revolution, Russia *and* China would all be contained by the one scheme. How appropriate it would be at a time when Congress is less willing than it once was to lavish the tools of containment on a President. Is the idea too farfetched? We can only speculate, but the elements appear evident in Nixon's speeches and in the Sino-American communiqué. And one must never forget that the President's chief adviser is an admirer of Metternich.

The China trip probably gave new life to the containment doctrine, which still harbors serious inherent weaknesses. It presumes that lines can be drawn around the globe, that order is desirable per se, that America can and should shape the lives of weaker peoples, that an "enemy" challenges our very existence, and that the United States by itself or in alliance has the wherewithal to impose stability on a shaky world of more than 130 nations. What happens under the five-unit containment scheme if revolutionary peoples don't behave?

The containment doctrine should be scuttled and replaced by a "doctrine" which understands and applauds diversity and social progress. Unfortunately, Nixon's cheerful journey to Peking, during which the anti-Communist crusader of the 1950s quoted Chairman Mao, has probably steadied containment at the top of America's arsenal of doctrines. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 514)*

of course birthrate *minus* death rate.) This helps him gloss over one of the author's unfortunate assumptions, mainly that birthrate *increases* with affluence. But present data show that it is the poor nations that have higher birthrates: and historically, as nations become affluent their birthrates have dropped. Mr. Rahn defends the policy recommendations made by Forrester, but he doesn't like the fact that they spell enforced starvation for most of the world. . . .

Rahn's rather sensible statement about population control is apparently his own extrapolation. The book, on the other hand, states explicitly, on page 11, that it makes no sense to slow population growth on a planet-wide basis. According to Forrester, that result [will be] achieved by an increase in the death rate [through] starvation and pollution. . . .

Unfortunately, Rahn ignores the substantial criticisms that I have made of the basic model. I reiterate the fact that one cannot in a meaningful way lump together all of the world's population, economies, pollution problems, etc.; the problems of India are quite different from those of Canada. On the other hand, the U.S. economy is not too dependent on the *economies* of the rest of the world. Mr. Rahn has chosen to misunderstand my clear statement [and allude] to imports of chromium, nickel and tin. My point is that what we spend on such essential minerals amounts to less than 1 per cent of our GNP.

Rahn wonders why so many of us "seem to have missed the main message of the book." Maybe it is because the message is confused. On the one hand, it seems to be nothing more than an exercise on a computer. Mr. Rahn refers to it as a "very preliminary study," a "too-simple model"—I suppose to shield it from scientific criticism. But on the other hand, it is exposed to the public, to the Congress, and to policy makers in terms of action recommendations. You can't have it both ways. . . . *S. Fred Singer*

correction

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In dealing with a wealth of pharmacological data for "Prison Psychiatry: The Clockwork Cure" [*The Nation*, Apr. 3], I misread my notes and misidentified the drug Prolixin which (according to my informants) does not make a patient nauseous—other drugs do this in aversion therapy—but is rather an extremely heavy tranquilizer. The error does not alter any of the points in the article, but is most unfortunate. *Bernard Weiner*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Black Rebellion in Literature and Music

THE BLACK AESTHETIC. *Edited by Addison Gayle, Jr. Doubleday & Co. 400 pp. $8.95. Paper $2.50.*

JERRY H. BRYANT
Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He is at present working on a study of fiction written by black American authors since World War II.*

The black artist has been one of the principal catalysts in the growth of black consciousness. In the process of contributing to that growth, he has become more concerned with the nature and the function, the premises and methods of his art—with a black aesthetic. Is there such a thing as black art? Can it be distinguished aesthetically from white art? What is the relationship of black art to the black revolution and to black people in general? In *The Black Aesthetic,* published in cloth last year and now out in paper in the Doubleday Anchor series, Addison Gayle has brought together some of the more important statements on the subject by black artists, and has put into focus the central aspects of the problem.

The basic premise is stated best, I think, by Adam David Miller, a young man active in the black drama. "I would like to think of aesthetics," he writes, "as a way of viewing and sensing and the results of what is viewed and sensed." This implies two questions. Do blacks view and sense the world any differently than a white man does? If so, does this difference in perception result in an art measurably different from and better than that produced by artists without it?

Most white critics grow angry and resentful when it is suggested to them that the answer to these questions is "yes." But nearly every essayist in this collection, from Langston Hughes to Larry Neal, gives exactly that answer. The most eloquent and persuasive statement comes from the late Alain Locke, from an essay published in the 1920s, "Negro Youth Speaks":

> All classes of a people under social pressure are permeated with a common experience; they are emotionally welded as others cannot be. With them, even ordinary living has epic depth and lyric intensity, and this, their material handicap, is their spiritual advantage. So, in a day when art has run to classes, cliques and coteries, and life lacks more and more a vital common background, the Negro artist, out of the depths of his group and personal experience, has to his hand almost the conditions of a classical art.

For the majority of spokesmen in this volume, the phrase "black aesthetic" means considerably more than the uniqueness of black vision and the intrinsic worth of black life as a subject of art. Addison Gayle, Hoyt W. Fuller, LeRoi Jones, Ron Wellburn and others, find in the black aesthetic a vehicle for the expression of a deep and powerful hostility toward virtually everything white. This is the common denominator of nearly every essay in the volume. Above all, they call for the throwing off of the traditional white values by which the black artist has both judged and been judged, and the traditional white forms which have cramped the free expression of the black man's non-Western heritage. Thus, in each of the book's five sections (Theory, Music, Poetry, Drama and Fiction), there is at least one essay, and usually more, admonishing the black artist to throw off the shackles of the white past or describing the way some black artists have done so.

Most of all, these essayists resent the white critic who pretends to establish criteria for the black artist—always white criteria—and then to judge his work according to those criteria. Because he is white, argue the blacks, he cannot possibly do an adequate job or produce valid statements, for he is attempting to use a measuring rod inherently unsuited to what he is trying to measure. Addressing black art from the standpoint of white values is like trying to discover the height of a building using a thermometer. And when the white critic finds that the black work of art does not fit his particular categories, he dismisses it.

I cannot overemphasize the prominence of this hostility. It indicates that the most important thing for the black artist and his black critic is to gain independence of the white, regardless of what has to be surrendered or destroyed in doing so.

The single "white" criterion most often attacked is "universality," a quality which some white critics say black art necessarily lacks by virtue of its subject. Two white writers especially have come to represent the epitome of white arrogance in dealing with black art. Richard Gilman has declared that, as James A. Emanuel puts it, "black writers, being incomplete men, could not yet perform as good playwrights." Louis Simpson wrote that merely "being Negro" did not provide an adequately important base for the writing of good poetry. The implication in these criticisms is that black writers can achieve greatness only after they discard their blackness, and engage themes of "universal" importance.

This is certainly one of the main points of contention between black and white critics working with black art. The whites seem to say that mere blackness cannot produce good art. The blacks seem to say the opposite. I think that when contention does split the black and white critic into warring camps, neither side really listens to the other. The din of battle makes it too hard to hear. I think that when the black speaks, the white hears him only in his loudest and extremest utterance, to the effect that the subject of blackness alone guarantees greatness, regardless of the quality of mind or execution displayed. In answer, the white discards both caution and reason and declares that the black artist must write about "people" rather than "blacks," if he is to approach the goal of the universal.

It doesn't take much to decode this. By "people" this hypothetical white critic seems to mean whites or black people who aren't concerned with their color. "I am convinced," writes John O. Killens, "that when Western man speaks of universality, he is referring to Anglo-Saxon universality. . . ." I think Killens is right, though I would change "Anglo-Saxon" to "white occidental." I find statements admonishing blacks to abandon their consciousness of color unconvincing. It is their proper subject. White America has made it so. And if sometimes it takes the form of attacks against whites, who can wonder? To create exact images of the black experience in America inevitably brings into being a work that is an affront to some whites. There is a truth in this that incriminates in one way or another nearly every white man in the land.

Besides, the real question isn't a matter of universality as opposed to the black artist's subject, but of good art versus bad art. Good art is by definition

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universal. Shakespeare's plays are as moving to the Japanese as Kurosawa's films are to the Westerner. The black experience can become bad art at the hands of an inferior artist. It can also become good art, just as the experience of any people or person can be when handled honestly and accurately. It's exasperating even to have to make the statement. But the argument does illustrate the deep misunderstanding that still separates the black from the white, even in the arts. It also poses another question. What is happening when white critics view black art? It is possible, in some cases, that the black artist who does not convince his white critic is not creating compelling images of his experience. It is also possible that the white critic sometimes uses a thermometer rather than a yardstick.

There *is* such a thing as a black experience. It includes a unique vocabulary, a special pattern of intonation, a set of assumptions with which I did not grow up. More important, it is made up of hundreds of daily motions, an accumulation of glances and stares, avoidances and suspicions, changes in the timbre of the voice—not merely the way a policeman looks at you but *that* he looks at you. As a white man I can no more enter into that experience through the blacks' door than the contemporary American, black or white, can enter the world of Aristophanes through the Greeks' door, or of Dickens and Thackeray through the door of 19th-century England. Yet that does not stop Addison Gayle from citing these white writers as the bearers of the true comic tradition, while he judges Mark Twain a mere "sentimentalist and buffoon." Nor should it stop whites from exploring black art. We have a lot to learn about that art, but if we're impartial we can learn, with a little help from our black friends.

Only less intense is the resentment of these black essayists involving the practical side of the question of the Black Aesthetic. The world of art in America is dominated by white men. They control the exhibition halls and the museums, the nightclubs and the concert halls, the record companies, the publishing companies, and virtually all the organs of review and publicity—hence the tastes and the pocketbooks of any potential audience. And judging from these essays, there are very few black artists who have not at one time or another felt the consequences of white prejudice and the power of white control. Most of the essays are current, that is, they were written within the last four years. Yet nearly all of them make references to the continued refusal by the white art industry to let blacks follow their own genius. Thus the major review journals—*The New Republic, The Nation, The New York Times* and *The Saturday Review* are the ones mentioned most often—are said to continue to put into white critics' hands the responsibility for reviewing black writing. (This review is a case in point.) Only infrequently do these periodicals hire a black, and when they do, these writers claim, he's a safe one.

The problem has taken a special form with music. Dudley Randall and Leslie B. Rout give separate but equally fascinating accounts of the development of black music from the 1930s to the present. In the evolution from jazz to the New Music, the black musician has been the creative and innovative force. But at each stage, white musicians copied the black creation and made all the money. This is less so with the practitioners of the New Music, of whom Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane and Sun Ra are perhaps the best-known names—to whites. But their problem is also with the white entrepreneur and distributor. Temperamentally unsuited to any kind of organization, these musicians maintain their free individuality as they make their "free" music. But most of them can't get insurance and the pattern is for a few who attract the white media to make huge profits, while many equally talented people "have difficulty working even six months out of the year."

The Black Aesthetic, with its insistence upon breaking free of whitey, even when whitey might have something of value aesthetically, is thus inextricably tied, not only to the quality and the methods of black art, but also to the social and economic aspects of its production. Thus, Leslie Rout concludes that jazz in the form of the New Music can be saved from extinction only when the musicians gain "control over the production, cost, and presentation of [the] art." Ron Wellburn carries the point to a militant extreme. "Black music," he says, thinking mainly of "free jazz," "should not be allowed to become popular outside the black community. . . ."

At the heart of Wellburn's declaration lies one of the basic assumptions of the Black Aesthetic: that black art is the possession of blacks, and that whites who attempt to deal with it do so at their peril. It is put politely, but eloquently, by the talented literary and social critic, James A. Emanuel: "Anyone touching

PATH

(for Toni in memoriam . . . "Why?")

Walking a moon path
Your blue and green scarf
Anxious to detach itself
Anxious to fuck with the night air

Beetles, scorpions
Old ghost lovers passing
A cold wet light
Shines to all the empty corners
You escape

And look down
The path is full of toes
The path is full of photographs of their feet
One set of prints are attached
That's time . . . you say

A stranger of clocks
A mountain with tree bark
A faun's voice with twilight rain eyes

They're all taking over

They're taking the brain to where the body ends

Toni! You've taken your body to where another can replace it
Astarte's tomb plush green ripening with melons in the sun
The path has become the litter of your feet
The path has become a forest of green waves
The path is littered with pill bottles
Burning out

Frances Whyatt

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those works unfeelingly, either with Philistine dullness or presumptuous dogma, incurs estrangement; and should he remain to make an institution of his error, he invites animosity, if not rebellion." "Anyone" in this statement is, I think, a code word for "any white-minded person."

What these essays show is that the core of the Black Aesthetic is political. And some of its most unequivocal spokesmen are not shy in saying so. In its most extreme form it implies black nationalism and separatism. "Black Art," writes Larry Neal, "is the aesthetic and spiritual sister of the Black Power concept. . . . The Black Arts and the Black Power concept both relate broadly to the Afro-American's desire for self-determination and nationhood. Both concepts are nationalistic. One is concerned with the relationship between art and politics; the other with the art of politics." In these terms, the Black Aesthetic is the means by which art accomplishes the political purpose of strengthening the unity between blacks as a people. "The question for the black critic today," Gayle writes in his Introduction, "is not how beautiful is a melody, a play, a poem, or a novel, but how much more beautiful has the poem, melody, play, or novel made the life of a single black man? . . . The Black Aesthetic . . . is a corrective—a means of helping black people out of the polluted mainstream of Americanism. . . ."

A good deal of this irritates me. No white man, any more than a black man, likes to be told that the color of his skin automatically disqualifies his insight, his sensibility, his intelligence from rendering valid judgments about a whole art. "White critics," claims Hoyt Fuller, "cannot be expected to recognize and to empathize with the subtleties and significance of black style and technique." There is a cliquishness about this statement that sets my teeth on edge. Indeed, many of the Black Aesthetic proponents in this volume seem to be fighting the clubbiness of the white man with a clubbiness of their own. Not belonging, to my knowledge, to any club, I dislike them. Furthermore, there is no specific criticism of any black art in this book demonstrating that reliance on the Black Aesthetic or one's blackness discloses interpretations that can't be got at by honesty, intelligence and earnest and sincere effort. What Fuller says about Ernest Gaines—that he is "the best of the current non-nationalist black novelists," that his "themes are love, endurance, and the tragedy inherent in the human resistance to inevitable change," that "his style is lucid; his technique quiet and sure"—I heartily agree with. But I did come to most of this on my own.

I think, too, that there is a pernicious quality in the Black Aesthetic when it is oversimplified, when it becomes preoccupied with what James Emanuel calls the "color-me-black syndrome." Fuller, for example, describes the novels of Ishmael Reed and Sam Greenlee as "strong and viable works that speak directly to the revolutionary black sensibility."Any aesthetic that equates the work of Reed and Greenlee I want no part of, for clearly it makes no distinction between qualities of writing, of mind, of imaginative conception, in which Reed is so far beyond Greenlee that they do not even bear comparison.

Yet, these essays pack power and validity. Their exuberance is admirable, even though it is sometimes marked by violent bitterness. They make up a declaration of independence that to the white critic is both troubling and encouraging. The display of talent, too, is undeniable. Most of the writers are in their 30s, and this fact suggests that the movement they are creating is being directed by a young and intelligent energy determined to forge a unique literature. This collection makes official the emergence of a new school of American literature, analogous to the rebellion against European standards by the American transcendentalists, against the transcendentalists by Mark Twain and the American Realists, and against the Midwestern hegemony by the Lost Generation. The spokesmen for the Black Aesthetic clearly don't want any part of American tradition. But I think American tradition wants them. They're going to have a hard time getting away.

The Black Aesthetic school of critics and writers brings to contemporary American art a sense of purpose absent from most white art since World War II. Its political and sociological contents—its very subject—so often the target of white criticism, are assets, not liabilities. At a time when white writers seem exhausted, blacks are displaying deep reservoirs of energy. At a time when the "new" in white fiction appears as a decadent breakdown of form and a cynical humor that plays games with the reader, the Black Aesthetic promises a seriousness and an earnestness that white America can use. Above all, the Black Aesthetic vigorously and unapologetically celebrates a set of values, and that is an unfamiliar posture for white American art today. The Black Aesthetic is based upon a conviction that art is inextricably bound to the common life of the masses. However unrealistic such a movement may seem to the present white literary establishment, it may well be the force that redirects the course of American art. □

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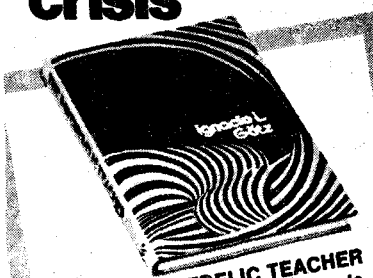

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American Literature Today . . .

Interview with M.L. Rosenthal

PART II

Editor's note: The interview that follows appeared originally in *La Quinzaine littéraire* (Paris), and is reprinted here, in slightly abridged form, with the kind permission of that journal. The interviewer was M. Serge Fauchereau. Part I appeared last week.

Far more than Europe, the United States seems to be the home of violence. . . . An extremely mixed culture that glorifies both Superman and Che Guevara, and that appears to be tailor-made to gratify the masochism of certain intellectuals; I'm thinking about what you have called confessional literature—poems of Robert Lowell and John Berryman, James Dickey's novel Deliverance, *now that he too has achieved best-seller status. . . .*

American sensibility has in the past decade had a renewed exposure to violence in ways we did not expect. You mention Superman, but that is only a mild example of old-fashioned comic-strip heroic fantasy, often drolly self-parodying. I have just read *Tintin au Congo*, which is very French—full of unconscious racism and jolly brutality. Both reflect the native humor and the daydreams of their regions. But in a good deal of modern literature, both American and European, we find a morbid, sickened assimilation of the shock of violence into the language of feeling generally. Poets like Lowell, Berryman and Sylvia Plath have created worlds of mordant contemplation of the realities of man's brutalized condition, mostly in psychological terms having to do with their own suffering, which they identify with that of all who have been oppressed, tortured, slaughtered, and relegated to a life of agony in every conceivable fashion. Le-Roi Jones sometimes does this, but sometimes calls directly for what all these poets at times only imply: a "cult of death," of "the simple striking arm under the street lamp." In some of his work he confuses the worlds of empirical reality, political programs and popular culture, so that he can put into the same category the conditions of people he has known in the black ghettos, the murder of Lumumba, the lives of Negro prizefighters, and the invented characters of comic strips and radio serial dramas. In a sense James Dickey's *Deliverance* does something similar in its confusion of reality and fantasy. One misses in Dickey, however, the driving grief and passion behind Jones's violence—the sense of an impossible condition of social deprivation among a whole segment of the people that would create a desperate attitude in any sensitive person.

American thought is often obsessed by the violence behind our history—the rape of the land, the destruction of the Indian and his culture, the ruthlessness of the advance across the continent. And now we think of our present predicaments of war, misused power, racial and social dislocations, and the reckless advance of a destructive technology that includes the atomic bomb. But it is doubtless masochistic to think of these phenomena as peculiarly American, though they *are*, indeed, *specifically* American. In the finest American writing, it is *distress* at violence—its prevalence, its inevitability, its historic and idiotic intrusion at just those points of confrontation which require gentleness and reason above all things—that gives such work its force and interest. This is equally true of Saul Bellow and John Hawkes, of Robert Lowell and Sylvia Plath, and of younger, less known writers like Jim Harrison, Raphael Rudnik and others. The danger is that a certain taste for violence, for strong meat, often accompanies the gentle spirit's distress because of this very problem. Hence the high interest in the literature, and in the phenomenon, of suicide.

Some of the young people who have tried "revolutionary" violence were essentially, without knowing it, *poètes manqués*. That is, they had not made the necessary psychological transference to *symbolic* action—symbolic murder, symbolic suicide, symbolic resurrection—by which the artist acts out the possibilities of human destiny. Thus they showed two kinds of failure of imagination. They were not able to create symbolic visions for the people (though their desire to do so was their expressed purpose). And they were not, practically, able to see ahead to the literal results of, say, setting off a bomb in a public place and killing or maiming innocent people. Certain Catholic activists have had a comparable problem—that is, the problem of experimenting with ways of behaving like men under very difficult circumstances. Though attracted to a violent mode of action, however, they seek to keep their behavior within nonviolent limits. All these problems of action and of *character* are part of the historic recoil from centuries of unconscious violence against the "backward" peoples. That is, most people did not know what was going on and did not think to inquire. Now, owing to modern communication and widespread literacy, our innocence can no longer be shielded. We are forced to confront very primitive horrors, and can learn very little from the unconscious and hypocritical past except that history and our own natures are treacherous. I myself believe that the disinterestedness of art, and its openness to new structures, can help guide us to the necessary transcendence of violence in the future, and that the whole history of poetic imagination leads toward this conclusion.

In terms of literature, how do you view the relations between Britain and the United States? Is there an interchange? Is there communication?

Although linguists disagree, for the *writer* British English and American English are almost two different languages still. There are subtle differences, as well as gross ones, of phrasing, sentence rhythm, and pitch in the two varieties of English speech. Even more important, there are vast differences of historical and daily-life experience and of cultural perspective. It took a long time to get the British to read such modern American masters as Williams, Stevens and Hart Crane, and even now the most characteristic British attitude toward such writers and their poetic heirs is one of boredom: a dislike for alien idioms and experimental departures in form.

Americans like to think that they are far more open to foreign influence than are the British. It was our poets, our novelists, our painters and composers who, taking cues originally from the French and others, flew the most enthusiastically into modernity by trying to be responsive both to national realities and to international experimentation. Yet current British poetry is less well known to Americans now than is current American poetry to the English. No one in the United States knows the experiments in fiction of Christine Brooke-Rose (perhaps the one true exemplar of the *nouvelle vague* in the British Isles). British playwrights, especially Harold Pinter, interest Americans more than the reverse, however; and among American critics at least there is more enthusiasm for recent developments in British poetry than the English themselves have shown. Indeed, English criticism has tended to become more and more provincial and narrow as the first hopeful signs of international consciousness and the reopening of questions of form have appeared among the practicing writers.

Among the actual writers of the two countries (and let us add Ireland to the

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list just to add to the confusion! And Scotland, if you don't mind our sorting it out from England!) there is a constant exchange. Even those critics in the *Times Literary Supplement* who delight, in their anonymous reviews, in deflating the Americans, are likely to have American friends with whom they are on the most amiable terms. We read one another's work, often in manuscript; and since we do read it, we can't help a certain insistent influence taking effect after all. It's been happening for years. We exchanged Eliot for Auden. Now Lowell is living in England. The critic and poet Donald Davie, who began as a member of a very conservative literary movement in England, now lives in the United States and writes expertly about Pound, Olson and other experimenters, as well as writing poetry that is strongly influenced by American developments. I love this kind of confusion about who is where and whether we are going upstream or down. Of course, the important thing happens when a writer is in a room all by himself writing the things that he has to write.

During your stay in France, what experiences did you find most striking?

The things that strike me most happily about France are too obvious and charming to come into a literary interview. As a poet and a greedy reader of poetry, though, I have been surprised at the small range of choice, especially of younger poets, in your bookstores. On the other hand, despite much talk to the contrary here and abroad, I have been struck by the intellectual hospitality of French writers and editors I have met. As with the English, I believe, a small number of very open and imaginative intelligences makes all the difference. I met, in Maurice Roche and others, a brilliant clarity that could make itself felt in any context, and across whatever barriers of language. At this level there are no international problems—only the natural exchange of truthful minds.

I had a remarkable experience in a restaurant patronized by students. Hearing my unmistakably American accent, a number of them engaged me in conversation. Their curiosity was directed especially toward the American judicial system, and the limits placed on the executive power of the national government by the Supreme Court, as well as by the judiciary systems of the fifty states. They were interested because of the repressive powers of their own government, they said. What I found remarkable was their friendliness and their restraint. Though they were radicals, they did not try to provoke me, as an American, on the obvious subject of Vietnam, etc. As I am no political scientist, I could give them only a limited explanation of American judiciary procedure, yet much of what I said they found surprising.

I also met, at a friend's home, an extraordinary cat who packed himself into a tiny box. He was a large, fat, black cat, but he managed to squeeze himself down so that only a flat, furry surface, like a tiny, exotic carpet, showed. Then my hosts began putting food on the table, and from the level black velvet a yearning cat's head arose and stretched toward it. At that moment I became a French poet, for the phrase came to my mind: *La tristesse du désir.* □

Two Can Live as Freely as One

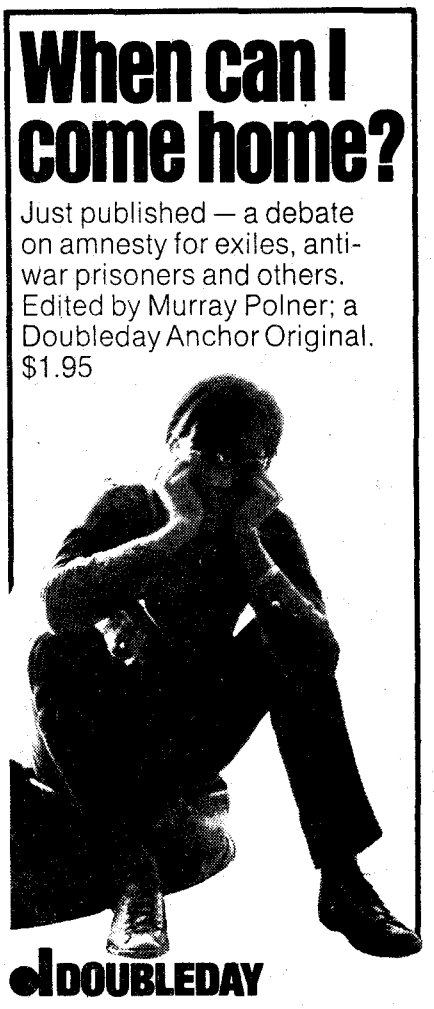
OPEN MARRIAGE: A New Life Style for Couples. *By Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill. M. Evans & Co. 287 pp. $6.95.*

MARGARET KLEE LICHTENBERG
Ms. Lichtenberg is a poet and free-lance writer working in New York.

Marriage has long functioned as a symbol of security. Besides, a basic feature of our economic system is woman's "place" within the home, where she provides free services, while men earn money outside the home to provide food, shelter and the necessities of life. Until this century, since women were not generally educated or financially independent, and because they found themselves pregnant much of the time, the role of provider was almost exclusively the husband's. But however closely these differing roles for men and women reflected the organization of previous societies, they no longer correspond in the same way to that of our own. Nowadays, women can choose whether or not to have children, and educational and professional opportunities are available to them. Yet little has changed in the modern-day marriage contract—not only in legal terms, which practically define a man as breadwinner and a woman as housekeeper—but in people's psychological predisposition as well. Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill, two anthropologists who have studied modern marriage and its ailing soul, are advancing a proposal for "open marriage," a concept that takes account of present-day realities and is well worth consideration.

The book's starting premise is that each partner comes to marriage with culturally ingrained expectations of his spouse that are in fact unrealistic. A 10-page section of *Open Marriage* is a gripping portrait of a representative newlywed couple. In an examination of the first eight days of marriage, the O'Neills reveal that the desire to please the loved one becomes the desire to fulfill the *role expectation*: and by the end of eight days the two original persons have undergone a metamorphosis. They have become two roles, one "masculine" and one "feminine."

In exploring the consequences of these fixed roles, the O'Neills give a practical analysis of "closed" marriage, and offer a program for opening marriage up. The authors go to great pains to write straightforwardly, and not to present a technical document. Yet when they draw upon the insights provided by their own professional field, anthropology, the result is disappointingly sketchy. They discuss Margaret Mead's study of sex and temperament, which suggests that roles are not biologically sex-linked, that "masculine" or "feminine" behavior is largely culturally determined. Nevertheless, I miss the density of a thoroughgoing argument. Their desire to be accessible is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admirable, yet the authors could have been far more circumstantial with no loss of clarity.

A consistent theme runs through *Open Marriage*. It is always stated simply but securely. The most important thing about the nature of women is identical to what is most important about the nature of men: "In order to be an emotionally healthy, productive human being, it is necessary to have identity, and to seek the continuous personal growth that develops out of identity. The best way to achieve stable marriage, accordingly, is to promote the continued growth of *both* partners. In exploring the possibilities of growth the authors present a very good analysis of role distinctions, where they came from, and how "unequal status" between the partners develops in marriage. There are excellent discussions on the need for privacy, and on the "togetherness" mystique of the 1950s which developed as, among other things, a counterforce to the new mobility and freedom of women.

The O'Neills have been married twenty-six years; in reading their book, one can sense the joy the authors experience in their personal and professional partnership. Whenever the book inveighs against male-dominated society for depriving and underutilizing its women, it points out how men are victims within the same societal web. What is remarkable about this book is that it treats women and men as human beings, as victims of role conditioning. Restoring the identity that has been submerged in a social role is a personal process, and it is refreshing to find that the O'Neills are able to avoid the rhetoric of men-are-the-enemy.

As far as they go, the principles discussed in *Open Marriage* are profound and constructive. But the book's scope is too narrow. For example, Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill consciously avoid a discussion of the women's movement, and this refusal to acknowledge the rebirth of feminism suggests a severe limitation of method and outlook. The impact of the movement has been very real to millions because it has altered women's image of themselves. There is a new alertness in women and men, a changing consciousness about the meaning of their social roles, and a new sense of their potential flexibility. Plainly, all this is true because of the women's movement. It was women who united in job actions for better pay. Women, not men, agitated for child care and abortion projects. It was Esther Peterson, a woman, who in 1961 persuaded John Kennedy to establish the President's Commission on the Status of Women, the first time since the passage of the suffrage amendment that the federal government formally addressed itself to "women's issues." The authors' desire not to get tangled in rhetoric is admirable, but to take no cognizance of history is to be tendentious and misleading. At the very least, it misleads the otherwise uninformed reader by concealing that the agitation of the last ten years has been propitious for developing the concept and the possibility of open marriage.

Secondly, there is no discussion of recent developments in psychology and psychoanalysis, or the relevance (or irrelevance) of professional therapy. The tone of the book is calculated to encourage the reader: "Just by becoming more yourself you can relate more fully to other people." It talks about confrontation with oneself, summing up in one slim sentence what ought to be an entire chapter: "Carry on an active inner dialogue with yourself, between the person you think you are and the inner you that operates at gut level." In an age when people are seriously alienated from their inner selves, how can the O'Neills imagine that one slick sentence will open the door to communion with self? The principle is right, but they offer no tools.

In other instances, the authors suggest that the application of "flexibility" to our roles is going to uproot deeply set conditioning. However, that "closed" relationship they wish us to transcend is based upon the need for dependency. It is no simple matter to arrive at a decision to break out of role patterns. If the newlyweds they analyze have boxed themselves into a closed relationship, they had deep need to do so, and a book on this very subject fails dramatically unless it provides a usable theory explaining just why those patterns were indulged. Eight pointers on how to restore identity, even if they are abstractly valid, aren't going to help the man or woman desperately seeking to break out of conventions that have become more restrictive than sustaining. It seems to me it is a question rather of igniting a process of personal understanding. Why did the couple tie themselves up in the first place? At one point the O'Neills suggest that couples discuss their dreams. Considering how deeply rooted our condition-

LADY IN HER BATH

All day has been morning. Birds rattle,
the trees stock still beneath them,
leaves blue in the white air. The girl bathes
gracefully, her own epiphany,
all of cool circles in water.
Does a god move in her limbs or is there
a god in the air around her guiding them? Or
is all light self-radiant?

She draws her body slowly through the pool
bathing him from her, his flesh
and vision. It is this freedom
that is divine in her momentarily,
flash of her smooth limbs, white, whole.

The eyes are violet. Her eyes are blue,
yet bathing, the bright sun
deepens them. The eyes are her own,
not violet for nothing. I will leave out
the lips, for these the light has forgotten.

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ing is, casually picking apart dreams over breakfast isn't likely to change one's life.

There are other limitations. The authors talk as if only white middle-class Sues and Toms make up the population. Since they are anthropologists, they might well have chosen to give us an overview of the black, Mexican-American or Puerto Rican roles in marriage. And although their book presents a sound discussion of emotional monogamy the O'Neills have colder feet when it comes to sexual monogamy. *Open Marriage* leaves this reader unsatisfied. The project is ambitious, but I doubt that the book alone could be helpful to a couple with a rigidly role-oriented marriage. □

Henry James's Viollet-le-Duc

HENRY JAMES: THE MASTER, 1901-1916. *By Leon Edel. J. B. Lippincott Co. 591 pp. $12.95.*

DAVID R. WEIMER

Mr. Weimer teaches English at Rutgers University. The author of The City as Metaphor, *he has contributed articles and reviews to journals like* The New Republic *and* New England Quarterly.

An irony dancing around any review of Leon Edel's work in the 1970s on James is that Edel himself has helped provide the context in which his own work must be judged. If we now think Henry James one of the two or three great American fictionists, as most of us do, we must acknowledge Edel's role in shaping that opinion.

Obviously his contribution has been in the field of literary scholarship rather than of literary criticism. In the present volume, as in his earlier writings, Edel has shown himself a most limited critic, fastened to notions of "character" and "action" that would embarrass any bright undergraduate these days who had learned how variously a complex piece of fiction may be analyzed, how dazzlingly it opens out for the reader alert to its nuances of expression, able to pause and wonder at an image first glimpsed 100 pages earlier. Edel seldom pauses or wonders. Although the radical nature of James's imagination, strikingly evident from *The Portrait of a Lady* on, would seem a promising school for all but the most literal-minded student, in some four decades of James study Edel appears to have developed his interpretive powers hardly at all, discovering mainly what flagrant errors to avoid. Only in his survey of the modern psychological novel has he departed noticeably from analytic categories derived from 19th-century realism, and his departures in that book are unlikely to impress anyone with their daring. In his James biography, now completed by this fifth volume, Edel's critical premises are still dimly, rather simplistically realistic, overlaid here and there with fragments of psychoanalytic and imagistic criticism.

For the biography of a novelist, an approach to his novels centered on character has its aptness. Light may be thrown back from the characters upon their author, or upon the author's friends and relatives. Edel has plainly decided to confine his remarks on James's fiction for the most part to just this sort of mirroring. The results are sometimes interesting, as when Edel speculates that the character Waymarsh in *The Ambassadors* may be a composite of features in Mark Twain, Henry Adams and William James.

But the low amperage of this speculation is characteristic of Edel. Probably because of a cautious temperament, lack of finesse in interpretation, and a settled decision not to exceed the bounds of a cautious assessment of the evidence, Edel's comments on James's fiction or life tend to be anticlimactic or otherwise disappointing. Thus his chief observation on the symbolically cracked and gilded bowl of James's last major novel is that "One can live a life of artifice; but it will always have a crack in its seemingly smooth and metallic surface." In another passage, this one on James's personal relations with Conrad, after a page of carefully pieced together evidence on James's reactions to his fellow novelist, Edel concludes, "James was saying—he who prided himself on his insights—that he couldn't quite fathom the gifted Pole."

These remarks are not only reductive, they are curiously timid. But a criticism without risks is no criticism at all. It is suggestive of Edel's excessive prudence that he almost never brings himself to make a highly pointed, epitomizing observation on a person or thing. His most penetrating remark on any novel or story is that *The Ambassadors* "contains a certain cautious hedonism." Edel's own caution is manifest everywhere, not least in his prose. He hardly ever reaches for a simile, let alone a metaphor, shows no gift for aphorism, and rarely varies the pace, rhythm or degree of abtractness of his language. One moves through the book with a dragging sense of a rather too homogeneous intelligence at work, lacking in the types of resilience that would permit him to find anything amusing or absurd in James's behavior, or to

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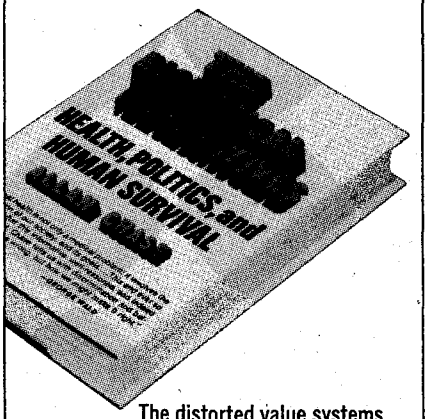

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express whatever irreverence or boredom he must sometimes have felt in all those years of exhausting research—a release from inhibition that might have made wit possible, or at least a more flexible, complicated response to his material.

Paradoxically, Edel's very circumspectness in handling evidence seems to be partly responsible for the ballooning of James's portrait in this biography. So meticulous has he been in selecting details from thousands of documents, so scrupulous in presenting this material with a passion for completeness, representativeness and objectivity, that James inescapably takes on a kind of historical inevitability, an immense and overwhelming Presence, the irresistibly magnetic pole around which brilliant individuals throughout Europe and America arranged themselves.

This impression arises in part from Edel's general refusal to censure James in any way. When he speaks of James's huge girth late in life as "obesity," rather than (say) as "portliness," the tougher word thumps in a way that reminds us how unusual in these pages is such a whisper of disapproval. The fact that his uncritical attitude springs from some impulse other than an absolute devotion to objectivity becomes clear when we discover that Edel treats most of the individuals whose lives touched James's with a certain disparagement, whether they were professional equals like Conrad or close friends like Edith Wharton.

And yet Edel's reluctance to conceive of the Master as seriously flawed is understandable enough. At bottom that reluctance is surely the biographer's common disorder of having lived with his subject so long that he loses a secure sense of the subject's human dimensions. The malady seems endemic in students of James. In his admirable and otherwise admirably controlled critical study of James twenty years ago, we find F. W. Dupee reaching even further than Edel does for a compliment to pay his subject. Confronted with the fact of young Henry's frequent silences in his encounters with the famous writers in Flaubert's circle, Dupee concludes ingeniously that James "seems . . . to have developed a habit of brilliant listening."

In short, Edel is not alone in his inflationary tendencies. And when one rises from what could only be called the enterprise of reading the nearly 600 pages of this final portion of the tribute to James that took Edel twenty years to complete, along with one's fatigue and one's skepticism about a James portrayed all too handsomely on his immortal side, goes a solid admiration for Edel's broad competence as a biographer, his remarkable industry and perseverance, his thoroughness, good sense and integrity. If the reader puts down the book without an image of James having been etched or burned into his memory, nonetheless an image is *there*, present in the veins as if by capillary action. The image has formed slowly, page after page, by accretion, by sedimentation, by seepage. It is an image constructed largely of the externalities of James's life, but valuable in the particularity with which that overt side has been presented. There are glimpses of James bicycling in knickerbockers; taking Conrad by the arm and walking down a road with his nephew Billy and Ford Madox Hueffer trailing behind; seeing Blériot's airplane over the Channel one day and, many years later in America, seeing a Wright biplane in the air and finding it beautiful; varnishing a portrait of himself by his cousin; dictating his work to his typist regularly from 10 A.M. to 1:45 P.M.; coming to an agreement with a new typist that "during the long pauses that sometimes occurred during dictation . . . she would crochet"; displaying a rare anger one night when, enraged with a noisy cat, he kills it; standing alone on a Hoboken pier guarding his luggage; seated at a Presidential dinner near the right hand of Theodore Roosevelt; lying awake nights in a California hotel room listening to sounds of the Pacific Ocean; being described by Theodora Bosanquet as talking "slowly but continuously"; suffering prolonged depressions after the commercial failure of the New York Edition and other discouragements; four years before his death, reading an eloquent essay on Robert Browning half audibly to a respectful audience in London; feeling the exhilarations of love with three young men; writing late in life to one of these friends, the sculptor Hendrik Andersen, to say that Andersen's statue of a ballerina did not have "a quite sufficient luxury—to my taste —of hip, or to speak plainly, Bottom."

Above, beneath and around these living moments in the biography is the vast and heavily buttressed cathedral of Edel's documentation. While appreciators of James will silently enter this edifice for many years to come, hoping to capture some sense of the Master's vital spirit, most visitors are likely to be students of iconology, in search of clues to James's life, art and culture, clues now for the first time made accessible by the enormous reconstructive labors of this one biographer. Leon Edel is the Viollet-le-Duc of James's life. □

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

In a generally laudatory article on Tennessee Williams three years ago, I said that he was fascinated by sin and had an affinity with sinners. I am impelled to revert to this old statement because his *Small Craft Warnings* is an *"old"* play (Truck and Warehouse Theatre).

I refer not only to the date of the play's composition—which, I surmise, was sometime before his breakdown in 1969-70—but to the nature of the play itself. It is old in the sense that it repeats the mood and mode of much earlier work. Williams has been there before—and so have we.

Then, too, the play is overextended. It was originally conceived as a one-act play called *Confessional*: much of the

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HARD CANDY

You were not my mother I
told the nurse, and did not cry
for curious relatives,
miss a day of school, or meet
my father's eyes. But with sleep
came dreams you had come back.

The day they took your clothes
from the closet, I tore down
all the naked hangers;
then sat on the porch eating
hard candy.

Rich Messer

exposition and character delineation of *Small Craft Warnings* is semi-soliloquized. Williams was subsequently persuaded to expand it, thus compounding its faults. That also happened with *Camino Real,* an overdeveloped fantasy.

Williams' penchant for the compassionate depiction of damaged souls is as much part of the moralist in him as it is a sign of complicity, and I am sympathetic to it. Everything must be said, especially if it is well said. Williams is gifted with a superb instinct both for the stage and for certain aspects of our people and civilization. What he has had to say, therefore, was not only interesting but, in our fretfully and skittishly puritanic society, important. There was, and still are, elements of pity and terror in his work (combined with humor), which at all times saves it from being scabrous. At worst it was sentimental, but sentimentality itself may be a positive quality, if it is supported by the evidence of convincing fact and honest feeling—in other words, where expression does not exceed what we recognize as genuine experience.

In *Gnädiges Fräulein,* part of his "Slapstick Tragedies," Williams translated his hurt into an original symbolism, in which bitterness was masked and alleviated by strange laughter. In the most subjective of his plays, *In The Bar of a Tokyo Hotel,* his sense of personal collapse was almost shamefully exposed, but in a manner painfully impressive because of its very abjectness. In both these plays the author's self-laceration, though shocking, might still inspire a certain respect. *Small Craft Warnings* does not offend, but neither is it moving. It strikes one as a demonstration of an old posture, an overcalculated litany now bereft of poignancy.

In a bar along the coast of Southern California we meet once again Williams' entire menagerie of derelicts. There is Violet, the most bedraggled and woebegone of them all, whose only relief from her wretchedness is manual contact with the genitals of whatever compliant male may be sitting beside her. (The first act ends with this dismal observation on the woman: "She's got religion in her hands.") There is Leona Dawson, a beautician wandering from town to town in a trailer, who half out of commiseration and loneliness, takes on a lover, a fellow who employs his sexual prowess as insurance against participation in any other effort. There is a homosexual screenwriter who bewails the increasingly deadening callousness of his passing encounters with the youths he picks up. There is Steve, almost cretinous in his accommodation to the mire of his existence. The bartender, Monk, is a bachelor content to eke out a living from his shabby establishment. He is resigned to bleak isolation and to probable sudden death from an expected heart attack. Under the circumstances, he is a decent enough person whose kind response to the lowly Violet's plea for tenderness may to some extent redeem both of them in their loveless lives. The doughty beautician, Leona, on the other hand, after giving her feckless lover the go-by, concludes that the greatest strength consists in being able to bear living by oneself alone.

Williams always writes well, but because the characters in this play are little better than tokens of the author's preconceived canon—there is also a still pure youth, questing for the surprise or poetry of life—the writing seems studiously "correct" and unanimated. It gives the impression of an attempt to formulate as lucidly as possible a considered credo. Even in its dialogue, the play suffers from lack of spontaneity.

This, I am inclined to believe, is not the Williams of today, whatever his spiritual condition may now be. The play is an encapsulation of past history, which in its original telling possessed authentic vitality. We can only hope that, when the playwright gets the residue of his toxic affections out of his system (I refer to the plays of his period of exhaustion), he can give fresh voice to whatever his recovery may dictate. No artist ever completely alters his nature, nor have we the right to expect such a change, but when the initial sources of creativity are deep, a vivid and varied florescence may occur. We owe it to Williams to trust that this will prove the case with him.

The cast of *Small Craft Warnings* and its direction by Richard Altman are likably efficient. If I cannot say more, except for William Hickey who manages to be both funny and humanly credible as Steve, it is because the others—Helena Carroll as Leona, Cherry Davis as Violet, Alan Mixon, Gene Fanning, David Huffman—are unable to overcome the limitations of the script. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Aubusson tapestries by Alexander Calder will be on view at the Leonard Hutton Galleries (April 14 through May). The tapestries are small, mostly rug-sized, but even so many-time enlargements of Calder's original gouaches. In their faithful dilation the banality and coarseness of Calder's forms are inexorably revealed. They are so bad as to suggest that it is time to consider his position as an artist in a wider perspective. Are these designs aberrations, the evidence of decline, or

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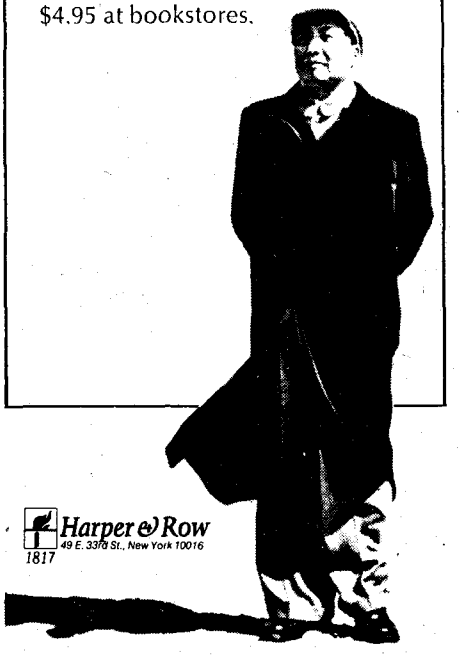

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typical work by an artist who has outlived the protection of his period?

Calder achieved his eminence in the 1930s and early 1940s, at which time there was not much American competition and not much work being done in the field of kinetic sculpture. In 1943 he had a big exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, in the catalog of which J. J. Sweeney wrote: "Calder's concern as an artist with mechanical forms . . . and his use of new and unconventional materials link him with the Russian constructivists." Twenty-two years later this remark was repeated in the catalog of another Calder retrospective, this time at the Guggenheim Museum, and Sweeney was footnoted as if he had made a point. In fact, Calder displays neither the technological interest nor the scrupulous aesthetic that marked the two wings of Constructivism. It is typical of the nonanalytical state of Calder studies that such a comment should be prized and repeated.

The usual account of the genesis of Calder's mobiles is that after a visit to Mondrian's studio he was turned onto Abstract art (away from the bent pipecleaner caricature style of his early work) and that he derived his bright clear spots of primary color from Mondrian. However the jump from Mondrian's structural clarity to Calder's cuteness is too long, unless we introduce Miró. H. Harvard Arnason has referred to Calder's "free forms which suggest the organic shapes in Miró's paintings." He is absolutely right to make the connection, but his phrasing masks the fact that Calder's forms are not so much "suggestive" of Miró's as totally derivative. Such paintings by Miró as "Le Fond Bleu," 1927 (private collection, Paris), constitute a fully developed diagram of a hanging mobile, the first of which was not made until the 1930s. Pure color patches and a meandering connecting line, seen against a sky-blue field, anticipate completely what Calder did with wire and cutout metal.

In the early 1930s Calder investigated various possibilities of motion, both motorized and manual, though it cannot be said that he took them very far. He soon concentrated entirely on wind mobiles, which depend on air currents, or the push of the spectator, to animate them. His native talent for direct handling could operate freely on structures that depended on the balance of contrasting weights and shapes. He could bend wire, cut or hammer metal sheets, and assemble the bits empirically. This method of working explains to some extent the hindered rotational play at the joints and the intercepted trajectories of most of Calder's mobiles. The suspended, counterbalanced form of mobile, with a limited play in movement, dominated kinetic art until the 1950s, at which time the option stressed by Calder was set aside by younger artists.

In recent years Calder has produced an increasing number of drawings and lithographs, in which he returns openly to the pictorial source of his mobiles, and from these are derived the woolen tapestries. His graphics depend on Miró's imagery of suns, stars, flowers, snakes, seaweed (that's from Matisse), petals, butterflies, zigzags, spirals and loops. Calder has said that when he used "spheres and discs, I have intended that they should represent something more . . . the earth is a sphere . . . and the moon making circles around it." However, the shaky lines and casual blotches of color fail to be concordant with larger systems. They are no more than an awkward inventory of exhausted motifs. In the forty-odd years that Calder has used them since Miró invented them, they have not acquired iconographical richness in his hands. On the contrary, they have lost their original juice and vitality to become merely the means of perfunctory improvisation.

Miró's great ability was to invent biomorphic forms that, while conformable to the flat surface of the picture plane, were yet rich in sexual and somatic emanations. Arp, too, has the capacity to imply vitalist energy within smooth, curved form, and that he is another influence on Calder can be seen in "Serpent Presse" in the tapestry exhibition or in the acoustic ceiling of enormous lily pads in University City, Caracas. Since Calder does not possess Miró's and Arp's animistic sense of life, shared by human beings and other life forms, he is using forms whose original meaning is dead to him. Instead of the biosphere, we get Disneyland.

The usual way to discuss Calder's frivolity is with some variant of the formula invented by Sweeney when he referred to "his unique enlivening of Abstract art by humor." The fact is that Abstract art does not need humor, though it helps Surrealism a lot. Calder is basically a low comedian who entered the art world at a time that matched and magnified his gifts. He was historically exceptionally lucky. Metal sculpture is simple to make and the tools were to hand though, as I suggested above, he made no attempt to overcome their limits when applied to mobiles. The theme of motion in sculpture, at a time when Moholy Nagy seemed theoretical and Duchamp forgotten, fell to him, though he pursued only its narrowest possibility. His simple-minded combination of virtual volume with nature analogies, such as birds in flight or schools of fish or tree branches, had the authority that simple solutions have in their early days, but which wear out fast. The real Calder is in the drawings for the *National Police Gazette*, in the circus toys of 1927, in his jewelry. □

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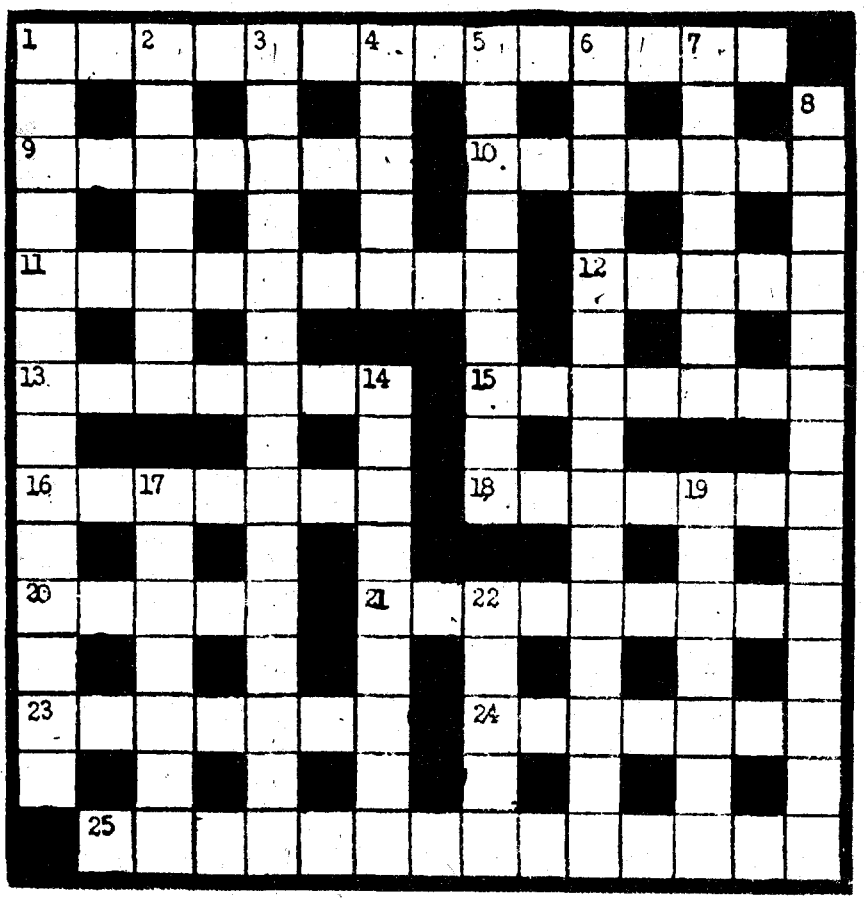
Crossword Puzzle No. 1439

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Some of the auto manufacturers seem to be doing this back, as a signal with some force. (7,3,4)
9 Material copier? If you do, you might have to call for a hanger again. (7)
10 Poor, poor (sic) eighth sign! (7)
11 They might show how revolting people can get. (9)
12 An old-fashioned list is not on the level. (5)
13 Money is singularly this, of a distinct kind. (7)
15 Mobile state. (7)
16 Does it take a heap of workers to make one? (7)
18 Reduced to an average. (7)
20 Such parts of the ear are almost pathetic in the extreme. (5)
21 Get around like some fans do. (9)
23 If you don't believe you could be a professor of this, you could! (7)
24 Leaves on its head, with only five notes required. (7)
25 Tense, but still here, and couldn't be better. (7,7)

DOWN

1 It's only incidental, but it's evidently not direct. (14)
2 In Indiana, a poor pro certainly doesn't get in early! (2,5)
3 They simply can't be done. (15)
4 Blood shed at one of the bridge positions, according to an expert. (5)
5 Suffers humiliation, and possibly misplaces the features. (5,4)
6 To put in the refrigerator, like a vegetable? One can't be bothered so! (4,2,1,8)
7 Peculiar non-U sort of copy? (7)
8 But it sets in places other than Oregon! (8,6)
14 A very special person in public affairs? (9)
17 Put this way, the race has class! (7)
19 The sort of ace to catch getting around an afternoon snack? (7)
22 Sum up what one might do, if what's on the wheel 5 down. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1438

ACROSS: 1 Circular letter; 9 Legging; 10 Babyish; 11, 5 down and 21 across Women's Liberation Movement; 12 True Grit; 14 Nearest; 15 and 21 down Stalemate; 17 and 6 Round table; 19 Trommel; 23 Little; 25 Tried on; 26 Interns; 27 Asymmetrically. DOWN: 1 Cold water; 2 Regimen; 3 Union card; 4 Argo; 7 Eritrea; 8 and 24 Whittier; 13 Pertinency; 15 Symbiotic; 16 Expressly; 18 Unveils; 20 Literal; 22 Madam.

CORRECTION: The editors regret that Crossword Puzzle #1438, appearing in the issue of April 17, was published with the wrong design. A reprint of this puzzle, with the error corrected, will be sent to readers on request.

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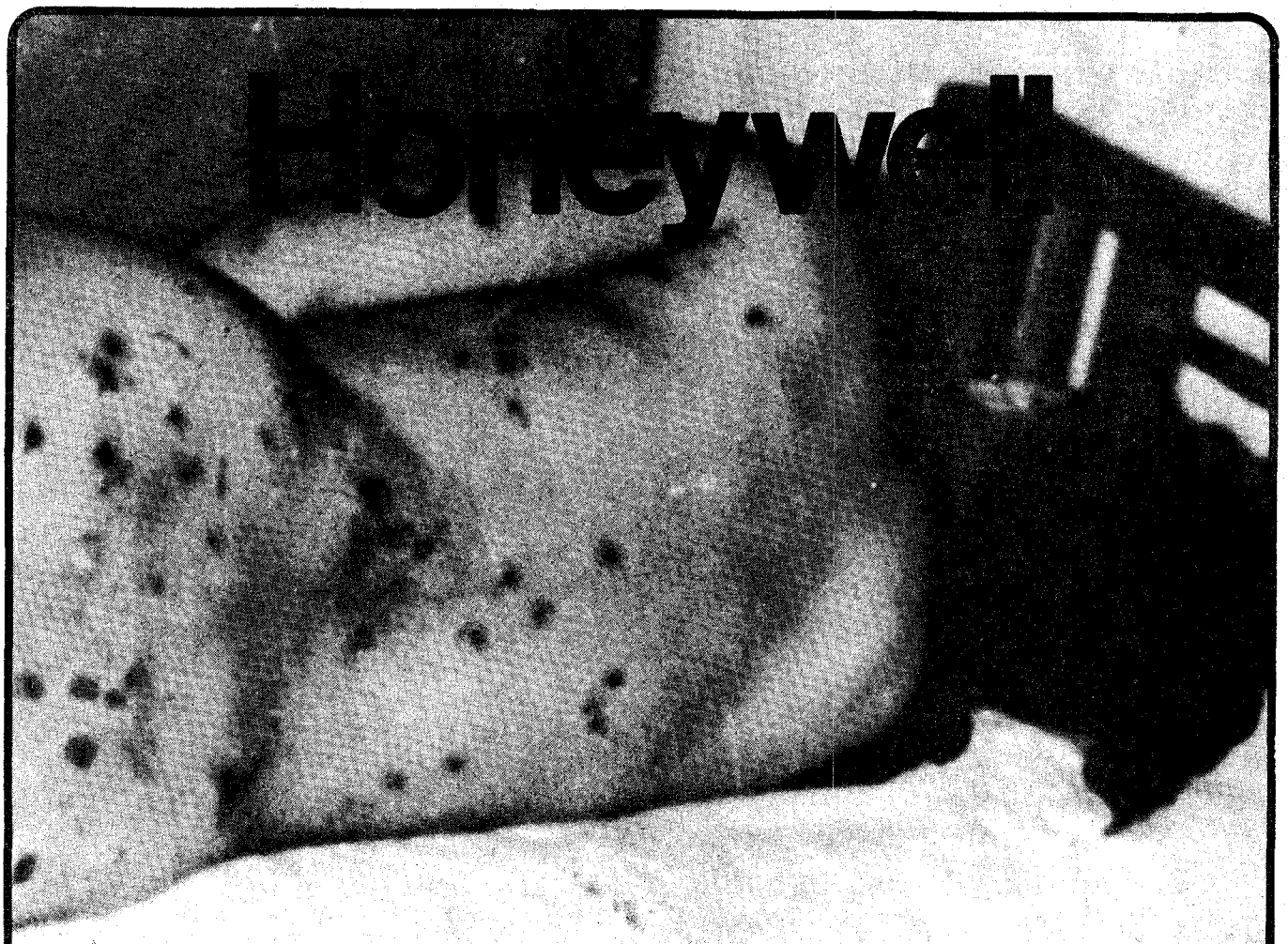

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